



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Whole No. 203

## Things in General

IT looks as if the Dominion Government soon is about to come down from its perch. Its position has been growing more and more uncomfortable since the fatal day when Sir Wilfrid Laurier denied himself and his past and threw himself into the all-receptive arms of the Hierarchy of his church. The calm, well-controlled, but powerful open letter from Mr. Haultain to Sir Wilfrid Laurier is likely to prove the final touch necessary to compel the withdrawal or drastic amendment of the obnoxious Autonomy Bill. The damning power of the letter is irresistible. In the opinion of any reasonable person, it leaves the Government not a leg to stand on. It at once convicts the Dominion Cabinet of deceit, trickery, and partisan aggression. The effect it has had on the Government was to be detected in the Premier's reply to Mr. Borden in the House on Wednesday, when he admitted that the Government found itself in such an awkward position that he was not prepared to say when the bill would come up for debate, and that it was not unlikely that changes would have to be made in the bill before it would meet with the approval of the people. Of all the arguments and protests advanced in opposition to the legislation, Mr. Haultain's letter is by far the most formidable, for while the attention of the press of the country has been directed almost solely to the offensive Separate school sections, the Premier of the North-West Territories picks the bill to pieces from beginning to end. He objects to the creation of two provinces instead of one; he objects to the Dominion Government withholding from the provinces the control of the public lands; he objects to exempting railways from taxation; and he particularly objects to the disgraceful and unconstitutional perpetuation and Government endowment of Roman Catholic schools. Perhaps the most startling revelation contained in the letter is the fact that the Premier of the North-West Territories was not even consulted in regard to this last infamous provision. He did not even know of the Government's intention until noon of the day on which Sir Wilfrid introduced the bill for its first reading. If any doubt had yet remained in the public mind that Sir Wilfrid knew how offensive to the public these provisions for Separate schools were, it must now be removed by this unrefuted charge of sly underhandedness and trickery on the part of the Prime Minister. The charge also renders absurd any contention that the Autonomy Bill is not coercion pure and simple. Even the faithful political friends of the Premier—the unfaithful "friends" of Canada—are now forced to abandon their argument that there is no parallel between the attempted coercion of Manitoba in 1896 and the attempted coercion of the North-West Territories in 1905. The only arguments still left to those who support the Government are that the British North America Act permits the perpetuation of Separate schools and that Separate schools are desirable things in themselves—things which a Government is justified in forcing upon the people, for their own good, and in spite of their most vigorous opposition. The first of these arguments is held by the best authorities on constitutional law to be unconvincing, while the second is demonstrated by history and experience to be absurd and mischievous. Mr. Haultain is one of the best authorities on the constitution of Canada, and he vigorously denies that the British North America Act, or any other Imperial Act, demands or even justifies the perpetuation of Separate schools in the North-West by any Act of the Dominion Parliament. The Government, on the other hand, claims that the British North America Act does both justify and demand such perpetuation. Here, then, are two interpretations of the Act which are directly opposed to each other. It is suggested that the courts be called upon to interpret the Act. Let them. Let the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council decide whether the British North America Act, or any subsequent Act, demands that the Dominion Parliament perpetuate and endow Roman Catholic schools in any new provinces to be created. Let the Privy Council decide, also, whether the law justifies the Dominion Parliament in fastening such schools on the new provinces for all time. According to the decision let the Dominion Government shape its policy—and then if the present policy of the Government should be justified, and the people of the North-West still object to Dominion interference with provincial affairs, it will be the privilege of the people to take such action as will bring about an amendment of the constitution and the governing of their provinces according to their desires. By following such a course the Government can at least get itself out of its present dangerous position—and then, if it gets itself into it again, it will do so with a clear knowledge of what the consequences are likely to be. Perhaps it is too late for the Government to save itself from the fate that at present seems certain to overtake it, but it can at least avoid a great part of the just punishment coming to it by a sincere effort to fight its way back to a tenable position. Even one of Kuropatkin's somewhat costly flights is to be preferred to annihilation.

ONE of the most amusing arguments in favor of Separate schools was put forward by a Roman Catholic priest last week. He claimed that religious education in the schools is necessary to Roman Catholic children for the reason that the religious services in the church are conducted largely in Latin, a language with which the people are quite unfamiliar. As the members of the congregation don't understand what the priest is talking about, if the children be not taught their religion in the schools, they will not be taught it intelligently at all. It is, doubtless, unfortunate that the services in the Roman Church can not be understood by those who take part in them, but I don't see that the Government of the country is in any way responsible for such a condition of affairs. The difficulty could readily be overcome by the priests indulging in less Latin and more English. But the priest who puts forward this "argument" adds to it the belief that surely it can not be expected that such an ancient institution as the Roman Church will change its customs and conduct its services in the vernacular! Oh! It is evidently much more reasonable to suppose that the people of any province will adapt their ideas of religious equality to the customs of the Roman Church. For some centuries the people of Europe did that sort of thing, but it didn't work out. In some parts of Canada we have done the same thing, and it hasn't worked out here. The people are becoming good and tired of making concessions to the peculiarities of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy—and it is in the new provinces of the North-West that they are going to stop.

MR. PAUL MARTINEAU, a Montreal barrister, delivered an address before the Canadian Club of Toronto at the Club's Monday luncheon, in which he devoted his attention to defending Separate schools in the abstract and Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Separate school legislation in particular. He employed all the usual arguments about the "rights of the minority" etc., *ad lib.*, and as he doubtless believes in the soundness of those "arguments," he is not to be blamed for employing them. He did, however, according to the newspaper reports of his address, make some remarks that cannot, so far as I know, be reconciled with fact in any way—remarks that the speaker, being an educated man, simply could not believe. "When Catholics demand," he said, "in every land where the voice of justice and liberty can be heard, the right to establish Separate schools, they never do so in the spirit of intolerance towards the other religious beliefs. . . . They are ever ready to grant to their fellow citizens the same rights and privileges which they demand for themselves." So far as demanding Separate schools in any land of justice and liberty is concerned, it is clear that the governing body of the Roman Church represents a minority, and therefore cannot show effective intolerance to their fellow citizens, who are in the majority. So far as the statement that they are ever ready

to grant the same privileges to others which they demand for themselves is concerned, it is baldly false. I should be obliged to anyone who would point out to me, first, any country on earth where the Roman Catholics have control, and where "the voice of liberty and justice" can be heard; and then I should like to know any country where the Roman Catholic Hierarchy has ever shown any readiness to grant privileges to other religions, without getting a substantial *quid pro quo*. Perhaps Mr. Martineau had Spain, Austria, Italy, or the South American Republics in mind when he referred to the tolerance shown to non-Catholics in other lands. His remarks were at least unhappy, for the history of the world—in spite of the efforts of the priests to suppress it—is known—at least, in Ontario.

THE low attacks on Mr. Sifton's character, which are being made chiefly by those who professed to be his friends and colleagues until a few days ago, are indications of a regrettable lack of decency on the part of some of those who claim to represent the people of this country in Parliament. The scandal with which Mr. Sifton's name is connected is nothing new; the alleged facts of the case have been in possession of almost every important newspaper for months—but until Mr. Sifton refused to follow the unbecoming example set by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who sacrificed the confidence of the people and repudiated his past that he might comply with the orders of the Roman Hierarchy, no one was found in Canada with so little sense of decency even to hint at the affair. Even Mr. Sifton's political opponents declined to make themselves guilty of a breach of journalistic ethics by using against him a thing which, if true, is but an indiscretion committed, not as a Cabinet Minister, but in his private capacity. It remained for his "friends" on the Government side of the House to make this purely private matter

those who sell it under false pretences. Maple syrup happens to be an article in which adulteration is readily detected by anyone familiar with the real thing—hence the complaints. But if manufacturers of fake maple syrup are sufficiently dishonest to attempt to fool the public by tampering with an article on which it is very hard to fool them, what reason is there to believe that manufacturers of other foods do not follow the same policy? In fact, there is every reason to believe that adulteration of foods is carried on to an extent where it becomes a menace to the health of the nation. In the United States they have had great trouble with the same thing, and some very stringent laws have been passed to stamp the practice of adulteration out. But the fraudulent trade still flourishes to an alarming extent. In Canada we are altogether too lax. Pretty nearly anything can be sold as pretty nearly anything else—and the only results are injury to the public health and an enlarged bank account at the command of the crooked manufacturer.

Whisky and other alcoholic beverages are, perhaps, the articles of consumption most subject to dishonest tampering. And of course it is the best of these articles that are most frequently doctored. So far as whisky is concerned, there are few bars in Toronto where the customer is given the thing he asks for, the thing for which he pays. I have talked with persons in the habit of frequenting bars, and they are unanimous in their denunciation of the dishonest methods of hotel proprietors who "fix" the goods they sell. Only the other day I had a chat with the Canadian representative of one of the largest manufacturers of Scotch whisky, and he informed me that he had visited six bars in the city, asked for his own brand—with which, I believe, he is thoroughly familiar—and in none of the places visited did he get the article for which he paid, though what he got came out of one of his firm's bottles. The bottles had simply been refilled with some cheap

denomination of the world. Yet, doubtless, Kuropatkin is just as good a general as he was the day he first set foot in Manchuria—probably better. He has been quite as much the victim of unfortunate circumstances as the dupe of Japanese strategy. Fate has been against him from the first. He is carrying on a campaign thousands of miles from his real base; in every important engagement he has been outnumbered; and his army is made up largely of the scum of his thickly scummed country. With such handicaps his winning any great victory would have been infinitely more remarkable than his overwhelming defeat. The personnel of his army alone is almost enough to account for the most disastrous failure. A large percentage of his troops, besides their lack of warlike spirit, detest the cause for which they fight. They have been dragged from their homes and families, herded like cattle in pens, and driven on board the transport trains at the point of the bayonet. They hate the tyrannous government for which they are compelled to fight; they hate the officers who represent that government—and they have no sympathy with the unjust war in which they are engaged. How such an army can be kept together, how the men can be forced to fight, and how they can be induced to refrain from mistaking their captains, colonels and generals for Japanese and riddling them with bullets, is almost inexplicable to the Anglo-Saxon, used to measuring men as men, not as cows. That Kuropatkin has over come these obstacles and extricated his army from what were regarded as fatal traps clearly establishes his claim to the respect due to a man of resource and to a general of no mean capacity. I do not pretend to speak as a self-constituted military expert and critic, but when I contemplate the almost insurmountable difficulties that Kuropatkin must have had to overcome, with an army in which anarchy must be at least smouldering, opposed as he was by a force that outnumbered him, a force every unit of which was a frenzied patriot, I am forced to come to the conclusion that the Russian general hasn't had exactly a fair deal, but that he has made a surprisingly good showing with the cards he held. His reputation is gone forever; his health, if reports are true, is broken; he will be hated by his countrymen and ridiculed in history—and this is his reward for doing more for his country, possibly, than any of his rivals and detractors could have done in similar circumstances. Clearly, it doesn't pay to lose, no matter how well one may do it.

THE *News*, in commenting on a paragraph which appeared in this paper in regard to its publishing a letter meant to cast unfair reflection on Mr. Jamieson's motives in bringing about the University investigation, accuses SATURDAY NIGHT of assuming that "The *News* endorses the opinions of its correspondent." I assumed nothing of the sort. I merely accused the *News* of giving publicity to "an unkind, stupid and misleading letter." No paper necessarily endorses any letter to which it gives publicity, but the fact that a paper gives publicity to statements designed to ridicule a party to a dispute before a court, while it refrains from publishing fair, argumentative letters on the other side, might leave it open to the suspicion that it is not entirely unbiased. I agree with the *News* that Mr. Jamieson deserves neither censure nor ridicule for the course he has taken, but I cannot see that its explanation that it "has thrown open its columns to the most severe and abusive criticisms of its own course in politics" justifies its throwing its columns open to the abuse of others. The *News* would not, I think, publish a letter ridiculing SATURDAY NIGHT, though it might heartily endorse the sentiments of a correspondent who would write such a letter. Why, then, should it supply the means for ridiculing Mr. Jamieson, who is neither a public man nor a public institution? I shall be glad to think that the *News* made a slip and fell into error, for which, being a thoroughly honest journal, it feels regret.

A SIMPLE little event—very human—which may lead to serious trouble, occurred the other day in one of the fire halls. A fireman broke a pane of glass; a foreman lost his temper and attempted to break the fireman; the fireman broke the bonds of discipline and attempted to break the foreman's face; then the chief stepped in and broke up the row, just as it had reached a state where a board of arbitration became a necessity. The fireman was suspended. Here the trouble might have ended, were it not that in the rumpled several rules of two labor unions were also broken. It seems that the glaziers' union reserves to its members the right to break, handle or replace all the glass in the city—therefore it was an infringement of the rights of the glaziers to break the glass in the first place, and it will be another infringement of their rules when a fireman replaces the glass. This may result in a complication that will eventually precipitate a strike of the glaziers, which will force the carpenters to go out, which will tie up the bricklayers, which will compel the masons to quit work, which will induce the mortar-mixers to throw down their hoes, which will cause the cellar-diggers to cease digging, which will paralyze the building of the whole city. The rules of the prize-fighters' union were also disregarded. The possibilities of this infraction are impossible to gauge. They can be little less than infinite and terrible. It is to be hoped that the Fire and Light Committee, under the consideration of which the whole dread question is to be brought, will be able to patch things up in some peaceable manner—even at the expense of a little of the city's dignity—and so save us from a great calamity.

A MR. BLAKE, a Canadian visitor in England, is said to have lost about \$3,500 by a confidence trick the other day in London. If the not infrequent letters from disappointed English immigrants in Canada to the home land are to be believed, this is turning the tables with a vengeance. The unusual nature of such a despatch is probably accounted for by the comparatively few Canadians that go to England, and that Mr. Blake is one of the very few that would care to have the simple story of his undoing, or doing, told to the sympathetic world. Out of evil, however, good may arise. It may teach some of us that Canadians are not always the preternaturally shrewd persons we sometimes, in our provincialism, imagine we are, and that Englishmen are not to be judged altogether by the new arrivals unfamiliar with conditions of which we have thorough knowledge. A newly-arrived Englishman in Canada is probably not as much at sea as the Canadian on his first visit to the Old Country, and it is questionable if the latter is not exposed to more fraudulent filching, either by downright robbery or the more artistic games of confidence, than the Englishman. We cannot teach our grandmothers to suck all sorts of eggs just yet awhile. From the Stock Exchange to Ratcliffe Highway we can yet be given pointers on ways that are dark and tricks that are not necessarily vain. While sympathizing with Mr. Blake personally on his severe loss, I am in doubt whether to look on the incident as a matter for condolence or congratulation. It will give that anti-Canadian newspaper, *Reynolds*, an opportunity for a startling headline such as "The Bitter Bitten," and a reference to chickens coming home to roost and—talking of chickens, is it not remarkable the ease with which a Canadian chicken in this particular case was plucked? But will it not also give to Englishmen generally the impression that crookedness of the confidence brand is not limited by geographical boundaries. The cable reports of the incident comment on the extraordinary shrewdness of the confidence men. Certainly the small details of the scheme, which oftentimes are the things upon which the confidence game works, are not set forth by the cable, but what would be thought, from the facts before us, by Canadians, if the locale and the nationality of the biter and bitten had been reversed from England to Canada? The machinery of the law would be set in motion just as surely as in England, but—would we have simply said—another green Englishman. Will those fellows never learn to avoid those dread open and shut



UH! HEAP BIG CHIEF!  
Mr. Whitney prepares to make his bow before the House as PREMIER!

public, that they might cast suspicion on his motives for resigning from the Cabinet, and at the same time gratify their revenge on him because he has left them with their fatal Separate School Bill on their hands. The attack is cowardly, low and indefensible. It is also absurd. One of Mr. Sifton's late "friends" goes so far as to suggest that his resignation was merely a move on his part designed to avoid being kicked out on account of this alleged private scandal. To those who are familiar with the make-up of the Dominion Cabinet, the claim that any member stands in any danger of being kicked out because of his private indiscretions, is somewhat amusing. I am assured that none of the Cabinet Ministers run any risk of losing their jobs because of their private lives—and yet I think Mr. Sifton's private life will stand as close scrutiny as those of some members of the Cabinet now in high favor. The scurrilous trick designed to discredit Mr. Sifton's attitude toward the Autonomy Bill will defeat its own purpose. The people of this country don't like scandal scattered abroad by "friends" who play the traitor. In the end the scandal-mongers will find that they have merely given Mr. Sifton the sympathy of the public, a thing which he has not enjoyed in any marked degree for some time. The people are determined to express their disgust with the indefensible Autonomy Bill introduced by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and also their disgust with the men who, in defiance of their previous professions, support it in Parliament. No red herring will serve to throw them off the scent. That bill must either be defeated or thrown out by a judicial tribunal, and the men who attempt to force it upon a protesting public will later be called to account for their conduct. There is no time to examine scandals of a private nature, even if the inclination were granted. The people are too anxiously engaged in observing the astounding exhibition of treachery and hypocrisy now open at Ottawa to give attention to anything else.

AS the maple sugar season approaches we hear a good deal about the measures that are to be, or should be, taken to prevent adulteration of this valuable product. Adulteration of maple sugar and maple syrup has been carried to such an extent that to-day the real articles are as rare as white blackbirds. When people buy the tasteless stuff sold in Toronto as maple syrup they get something that has never been within gunshot of a maple tree. The deception, however, has gone on for so long that the general public, with few exceptions, are not aware that they are being defrauded; they think the stuff they get is maple syrup, and they wouldn't know what the real article was if they tasted it. From experience in attempting to buy it, I have come to the conclusion that there is not a gallon of real maple syrup to be had in the ordinary course in this city in a whole season. It is not unlikely that the things sold in its stead are uninjurious—yet there is no certainty that they are. They are, doubtless, cheap—and it is their price which commands the attention of

mixture, partly whisky and partly the Lord only knows what—something but little less injurious than rat poison. Of course it is an offence against the law to refill bottles, yet the refilling of whisky bottles is one of the most common practices in the retail whisky trade. It is done every day, everyone is aware of it—anyone can see it done in the boldest manner—yet scarcely anyone is ever punished for doing it. The Government takes samples of the imported bottled whisky as it enters the country. It is found to be pure and of good quality. This is as far as the Government goes to protect the public—and so far as the usefulness of the inspection is concerned, the Government might just as well save itself the trouble and expense of examining the imported goods at all. It is not the foreign manufacturers who are responsible for the tampering; when it leaves the manufacturers' warehouses the whisky is usually pure; it is the retailer who is responsible for poisoning his patrons—and he does it with impunity, because he is not watched and because of the extra profit he makes by criminally substituting a cheap and sometimes deadly article for the thing which he pretends to sell. If the advocates of temperance really have the welfare of the people at heart, they will cease to worry governments about prohibition and local option for a time, and devote their attention to stamping out this refilling crime. What is needed is systematic and thorough inspection of the beverages sold over the bars by the retailers, and the prompt and severe punishment of anyone found guilty of selling an adulterated article. Let the inspector drop into a bar, order a drink, and then seal up the bottle from which he takes it and carry it off for examination. In this way convictions could easily be secured, and there is little doubt that the magistrates would properly attend to the rest. It is the doped whisky that is producing half the drunkenness and degeneracy—and the sale of doped whisky could readily be stamped out if a sincere and business-like effort were made to do it.

GENERAL KUROPATKIN'S latest overwhelming defeat has precipitated his resignation—and now the press of the world is engaged in swamping Oyama with the fondest praise and burying Kuropatkin in abuse and ridicule. One of the most noticeable characteristics of the average man is the readiness with which he condemns failure and worships success. Sometimes he takes the odds against the loser into consideration in coming to his conclusions, but more frequently he does not. In South Africa Buller failed, and perhaps he was to blame for his failure, but without waiting to ascertain the reasons for his non-success, the general public of two or more continents denounced him as incompetent. In the present war, Kuropatkin, from whom the greatest things were expected, has met with nothing but reverses. True, he has executed some masterly retreats—feats by no means despised by the real military expert—but the fact that he has not won a battle calls down upon his head the con-



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News comes from London of the presentation at court of Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, who is visiting her sisters, and will, I believe, return to Toronto in May.

Commander Frederick C. Law, R.N., for over thirty years official secretary to the Lieutenant-Governors of Ontario, has resigned his position this month, and, I hear, is going abroad. Major J. Fraser MacDonald of the Ordnance Department has been appointed official secretary to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, and enters upon his duties this week. Major MacDonald and his wife (née Lansing of Niagara-on-the-Lake) are en pension at Mrs. Bradley's in Avenue road.

The Percy Galts, who only recently settled in St. Joseph street, have had the experience of many another family this spring, and must give up their house in May, Lady Thompson having taken it. Derwent Lodge will be vacated by Lady Thompson early in May.

Mr. Colin Harbottle, in his new position as secretary of the Toronto Club, is a very popular officer.

Major Churchill Cockburn, V.C., who has been spending three months with his parents at their home in Sherbourne street, returned to his ranch in the North-West on Wednesday, very much benefited by his visit to Toronto. Major Cockburn has some very fine horses in his stock, and one of them has been winning a race during his absence.

The attendance at the exhibition of paintings by the O.S.A. continues to attract many visitors. On Tuesday a bright coterie, Miss Laura Muntz's class in painting, were at the exhibition. I hear that Miss Muntz is going to Montreal in the autumn, where she has a great many commissions, and where, I believe, she will take up her residence for at least some years.

Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles, who have both been suffering from appendicitis, are on the high road to health and strength again.

Instead of petering out, with poor ice and diminished interest, as so often happens, the Skating Club has had at least two exceedingly popular and jolly "last appearances." Dr. Guy Ireland has been a most energetic and popular secretary.

Mrs. Campbell is visiting her sister, Mrs. Totten, at her residence in Elmsley place. Mr. and Mrs. Chaffee, the owners, are, I believe, returning in April, and the Tottens will then leave the cosy home where friends have spent so many pleasant hours this season.

Mrs. Cattanauch returned from England on Tuesday by the Minchaha. She and her family are settled at 26 Park road, but Mrs. Cattanauch will not receive next Monday.

Mr. Percy Galt returned from England recently, where he has been for some time.

The Opening of the Legislative Assembly takes place on the afternoon of Wednesday, March 22. Cards were out for the function on Tuesday. There will be a State dinner afterwards at Government House.

I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Smith have taken a place in the country. Their many friends in town will regret greatly their departure, with their two charming little ones, and best wishes are sure to follow them wherever they settle.

The opening of the Gerhard Heintzman piano salons took place on Tuesday, and a great many persons visited the new quarters of the firm, 97 Yonge street. It was quite a gala hour, an orchestra playing, and Mr. Fred Keller showing many friends all the improvements in the place. The concert hall will prove popular for recitals, the acoustics being particularly perfect.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Jones are spending some time in Atlantic City, where they went a few days ago.

One of the most pleasant and interesting new departures of this Lententide is the short half-hour of sacred song arranged for each Sunday at four-twenty in St. George's Church, John street. Mr. Phillips, the organist, plays, and the most popular and cultured vocalists of the city sing solos, duets, or quartettes from oratorios and other sacred music. Last Sunday was the first of these sweet concerts, and the crowd which gathered to enjoy it spoke of "the filling of a long-felt want." The soloists were most happy in their work, and other numbers were beautifully given. These little song services will please and gratify a great many who love the fine selections rendered.

Mrs. Lally McCarthy has left for England. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Osler have gone to Kingston, where they will reside. At present they are stopping with Miss Harty, while their house-furnishing is being completed.

M. and Mme. Ysaye came to Toronto on Thursday and put up at the King Edward. M. Ysaye gave a very fine concert, assisted by M. Jules De Bèze, in Massey Hall on Thursday night.

Miss Hilda Boulton arranged an interesting programme of Russian and Bohemian music for the Woman's Musical Club on Thursday morning, at which Miss Gzowski played a piano solo, *Trois-fahrt*, by Tschalkowski, and Miss Bertha Mason a gavotte by Sapellnikoff, among other interesting numbers.

Mrs. Kingdon, mother of Mrs. George Gould, came up from Lakewood to Toronto a few days since.

Mrs. Armstrong Black will receive for the last time at the Manse, Simcoe street, on Thursday, March 23. She has been laid up with an attack of grippe, but is now quite better.

Mrs. Mortimer Clark will receive next Thursday at Government House from 4.30 to 6.30 o'clock.

No one could be missed by so many in an official capacity as Captain Frederick C. Law, R.N., who has, through many administrations, been the most courtly of aides at Government House. His long and varied experience in social matters has put him in touch with three generations of our *beau monde*, and his valuable services have always been most cheerfully given to ensure, in every way, the success of the official entertaining and patronage. Beside this, the gallant sailor has a *bon homie* and buoyancy which are bound to evoke the responsive kindly feeling of all with whom he has to do, and an artistic touch in his make-up, which lends another interest to his delightful personality. His absence from his post will cause a blank, and is learned of with expressions of regret on every hand.

Many sympathetic messages and thoughts went to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Howard last week when their friends learned of the death of their fine little son, Rupert, a very intelligent and promising boy about eleven years of age. They have the warmest sympathy of all in their bereavement.

Mrs. Hartley Dewart is spending some time at St. Thomas.

Very good news to the friends and admirers of Miss Margaret Huston arrived at midweek, telling of her great

success in London, England. The London papers have nothing but praise for her.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Dudley announce the engagement of their daughter, Ethel Margaret (Dolly) to Dr. Robert Arthur Thomas. The marriage will take place at London, England, in April.

The engagement is announced of Miss Beatrice Algie Stevenson, daughter of Mrs. S. H. Stevenson of Youngstown, Ohio (formerly of Toronto), to Dr. Edwin I. Zinkan of this city. The marriage will take place early in May.

Mr. Goldwin Smith was re-elected honorary president of the Canadian Society of Authors, and Mr. Byron E. Walker was elected president, at the annual meeting this week.

Mrs. Thompson of Vancouver is in town, spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Grantham of 25 Albany avenue. The little visit is for change of air and it is hoped will be of great benefit to the fair Westerner, who has been ill with fever during the winter.

Miss "Girliel" Grantham got a toss from a toboggan at the Lambton Golf Club one day lately which has put her *hors de combat* for a time. However, her friends hope to see her about in her usual good spirits before very long. She is with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grantham, just now.

Mrs. C. D. Warren gave a tea for her daughters' young friends on Wednesday which was a most radiant gathering of youth and beauty. The young set was out in force and had a very jolly hour, quite informal and homelike, in the hospitable drawing-rooms in Gerrard street east. The hostess, with her sister, Mrs. Anderson, received in the kindest way the bright girls and a few young matrons who still have the privilege of being included in their circle, and Mrs. Warren of Rosedale poured tea and coffee at a pretty tea-table simply adorned with daffodils, primrose silk. Spring was centered by a low lamp shaded in primrose silk. Spring was in the air, though the talk was of skating and the remnants of other winter sports so unusually and happily prolonged. Miss Warren, in a pale blue shirred *crêpe de Chine*, and Miss Norah, in white, were the most delightful assistant hostesses, and a few of the guests were Mrs. James Ince, Mrs. Crowdy, Mrs. Helliwell and Mrs. Boyd (née Jarvis), Mrs. Alfred right, Mrs. Macbray, Mrs. Norman Seagram, Mrs. R. Casels, Mrs. Gerard Strathy, Mrs. Denison, the Misses Boulton, the Misses Nordheimer, Miss Glendy, the Misses Gladys and Yvonne Nordheimer, Miss Phillips, Miss Macbray, Miss Waldie, Miss Ida Homer Dixon, the Misses Darling, Miss Carolyn Jarvis, Miss Brouse, Miss Helen Davidson, Miss Kathleen Gordon, Miss Falconbridge, Miss Boulton, Miss Hodgins, Miss Barwick, Miss Morrison, Miss Burton, Miss Harman, Miss Robertson, Miss Cowan, Miss Norah Sankey, Miss Reid, Miss Rolph, Miss McMurrich, Miss M. Arnold, Miss L. Miles, Miss Burrows, Miss Strathy and the Misses Watt. The assistants in the tea-room were Miss Naomi Temple, Miss Annie Hagarty, Miss Agnes Keating, and Miss May Denison.

Miss Norah Warren is going abroad with the Misses Hagarty about the first of June.

The engagement of Miss Naomi Temple, daughter of Mr. Edmund Temple, and Mr. J. E. McMullen of Montreal is announced.

Last evening the lady members of the Skating Club had an evening for the men of the club at the Mutual Street Rink, a pleasant recognition of the many attentions, and the *beau cavalier* spirit which has made this year's reunions so extra enjoyable to the *folies patineuses*.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. C. Clarkson, Mrs. and Miss Suckling, Mrs. James Boomer, Mrs. Grafton, the Misses Douglas and Miss Helen McMurrich will spend part of the Lenten season in Atlantic City.

On Tuesday night the ice was in first-class order for the extra-extra evening vouchsafed to the Skating Club, and a full attendance of the members was the rule. Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, Mrs. Stikeman, Mrs. Arthur Hills, the Misses Kerr of Rathnelly, Darling, Cochrane, Gordon, Miles, Worum, Telfer, Willmore, Wadsworth, Robertson, Reid, Adams, Campbell, Gzowski, Cattanauch, Temple, Heron, Casels, Homer Dixon, Dawson, Lamport, Rolph, Burnham, Sprague, were among the ladies skating, and Messrs. Arthur Hills, Sherman, Selby Martin, Matthews, Ridout, Wylie, Gray, Peterson, Wilson, Mackenzie, Lefroy, McDougall, Baldwin, Boyd, Forlong, and the indefatigable secretary, Dr. Guy Ireland, were some of the men.

The engagement is announced in Chicago of Miss Florence Mary Louise, daughter of Mrs. Alfareta Ferguson of 1433 East Irving Park Boulevard, and Mr. James H. Bennett of Hartford, Conn.

Miss Helen Law and Miss Frankie Thompson, left for a visit to Preston Springs this week.

The news of the sudden death of Mrs. Ross, widow of the late Hon. John Ross, formerly owner of Erlscourt, has reached her old friends in Toronto, who much regret her decease.

Mrs. Skeg of Port Dover has been spending the week with her son, Rev. Lawrence Skeg, at St. Anne's rectory. She returns home on Monday.

On Thursday afternoon the Woman's Auxiliary of St. James' Cathedral conferred the honor of a life membership on Mrs. John Hagarty of Spadina road, an old and valued officer of the association.

Mrs. James Smith and Miss Muriel Smith have gone to Bermuda for the spring season.

Mrs. Gzowski has returned from Montreal, where her son, Mr. Vernon Gzowski, has been in Victoria Hospital for some time, quite ill. Mr. Stanislaus Gzowski went down on Saturday to be with the invalid, whom his people hope to bring home in about a fortnight.

### Six Sermonettes for Lententide.

I. TO THE MARRIED WOMEN.

In your hands, sometimes very careless and weak though they be, lies the weal and woe of society. If the young matron be dignified, well-poised, pure-minded, loyal and noble in tone and quality, her influence is the strongest and most irresistible man can acknowledge. Cast your mind upon the women in our city whose atmosphere is pure and wholesome, on whom no shadow of mistrust or suspicion has ever rested. How many? Rather, how few! Then run over the record of those whose little faults and failings, weaknesses and indiscretions have made them common topic for careless or spiteful tongues. How many! How often they answer the sorry roll-call! Your little imperceptible dip of the standard has been seen by some argus eye and remembered, and commented upon as you have noted and talked of the peccadilloes and impulses of the woman who was your rival or your friend. Perhaps it is because you have not realized your immense power, unique and impregnable fortresses of the good and the true as you may be, that you have left loopholes for the enemy. Perhaps your lapse from loyalty to your sister woman has arisen from want of knowledge of soul-masonry, of the impossibility of building a stately and worthy social edifice without the mortar of fidelity, loyalty, the crown of all qualities, to yourself and to your neighbor. I give it to you as a thought for Lententide, the thought of your power, your value, your responsibility, the sacredness of your bodily charm, the fascination of your refinement, the possibility of your influence, good or evil, the inspiration of your sympathy, comprehension and control to the cruder half of creation.

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Imported Corsets always in stock. Repairing and refitting of all makes of corsets easily done.  
Reliable agents wanted

**Social and Personal.**

The engagement is announced of Miss Blanche I. Hickey, eldest daughter of Dr. C. E. Hickey, ex-M.P., to Dr. Will C. Davy, both of Morrisburg.

Mr. Ronald Harris of London was in town for a week-end visit.

One of the season's prettiest twilight weddings took place at 66 Harvard avenue, Brookline, Mass., Saturday last, at five o'clock, when Miss Grace Lillian Carter, daughter of Mr. Olen L. Carter, was married to Mr. Will T. Merry of Toronto. Rev. Willard T. Perrin, uncle of the bride, performed the ceremony. The daffodil floral decorations were exceedingly handsome. The ceremony took place beneath a canopy of laurel and a large white wedding bell. The altar was of white satin. The bridal music was sung by a ladies' chorus, assisted by a string trio. The bride was handsomely gowned in a heavy corded princess robe, trimmed with Duchess lace, the veil being edged with the same and fastened with orange blossoms. She wore a diamond and pearl sunburst, the gift of the groom, and carried a large shower bouquet of lily of the valley. The maid of honor, sister of the bride, was dressed in champagne and white chiffon, and carried a large bunch of marguerites. The bridesmaids were two cousins, Miss Ruth Massie of Toronto and Miss Ruth Carter, and were gowned in pale blue and carried pink roses. The best man was Major Carter, brother of the bride. Many beautiful gifts were presented to the happy couple. Mr. and Mrs. Merry will return to Toronto after the honeymoon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong sailed last week for Canada from Moville, Ireland.

The marriage of Miss Helen Blasse Armstrong, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong of Toronto, and granddaughter of the late William Blasse Armstrong, 9th Light Dragoons, of Holy Cross House, Tipperary, Ireland, and Mr. Harrison Jones, younger son of Mr. Clarkson Jones of Mosley House, Queen's Park, took place on February 22 in St. George's, Hanover Square, London, England, the rector, Rev. David Anderson, performing the ceremony. The bride, who was brought in and given away by her father, wore a robe des nocces of ivory Duchess satin, with a deep flounce of Flemish lace, headed by fine knots in silver. The front panel was of finely shirred net, bordered on either side by orange blossoms and trails of flowering myrtle. The veil of Brussels net fell from a tiara of orange blossoms, and the bride's bouquet was of orange blossoms, lily of the valley and white roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Thorneycroft of Dunston Hall, wore a gown of cream *toile de soie*, trimmed with lace, a deep pink belt and a picture hat of brown chiffon; her bouquet was of deep pink carnations, and she wore an amethyst heart, surrounded with pearls, the gift of the groom. Two little maids, Miss Veda Macpherson and Miss Betty Sprague, attended the bride, in white *mousseline* frocks, over pink, with large white lace hats; they carried baskets of pink carnations and wore shamrock brooches, the gift of the groom. During the signing of the register, they distributed flower favors to the guests from the conservatories at Dunston Hall. Mr. Newbold Jones, cousin of the bridegroom, was best man. After the wedding Mrs. Armstrong held a reception for the bride and groom at 6 Ashburn place, the residence of Colonel Armstrong, uncle of the bride, who lent his house for the function. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Jones then left for Southampton and sailed thence to Montevideo, South America, where they will reside. Some of the guests were the Duke and Duchess de Stackpool, Captain and Mrs. Yelverton, Colonel and Mrs. Archdale, Mr. and Mrs. George Thorneycroft, Dr. and Mrs. Squire Sprague, Mrs. Alf Jones, Mrs. Charles Jones, Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Mrs. Beckett, Mrs. Cattnach, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Grace, Mrs. MacKinnon, Lieutenant and Mrs. Denham Stewart, Colonel and Miss O'Malley, Mr. and Mrs. Granville Cunningham. Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, mother of the bride, wore a pale grey brocaded satin gown, with touches of pink on the bodice, and a pale pink hat with white camellias. The bride went away in a white cloth costume with brown chiffon picture hat trimmed with pale blue camellias. After the wedding Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong paid a short visit to the David Macphersons in Wrexham, and to the Thorneycrofts at Dunston Hall, near Stafford, and then left for Canada.

Mrs. John Cawthra and Mrs. Agar Adamson and her little son left for Atlantic City on Wednesday.

I hear that Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black may not leave quite so early in the year as intended, and may spend next month in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Tudhope, Mrs. G. H. Robinson, Dr. and Mrs. McKeown, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Fisher, Mrs. Leishman and son, Mrs. Wadsworth, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. F. Denton, Miss M. O'Hara, Miss Sweetnam, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Reid, Mrs. and Miss Dalton, Mrs. J. B. Reid, Mrs. Hagerman, Mrs. Bond and son, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Eastmure, Dr. and Mrs. Peters, of Toronto; Mrs. and Miss Morgan of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. Beggs of Collingwood; Mrs. and Miss Montzambert of Ottawa; Mrs. Battersby, Miss Langs, of Port Dover; Mr. R. Thompson, Miss Thompson, of Napanee; Mr. E. D. Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Perry, Mrs. B. J. Burns of Buffalo; Mr. R. G. Rogers of Grafton; are recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Miss Widdifield of Glenbyrne has gone with her sister, Mrs. Playter, to Clifton Springs for change and treatment, after her tedious and serious illness. Best wishes follow her from her many friends in Toronto.

**Abdication.**

He set his sceptre and his crown aside,  
With ermine that should 'fold his form no more,  
And slow descended from that stately wide  
Throne-place, whence he, imperial, ruled of yore.  
Each courtier silent stood while he passed by,  
Uncrowned, unhailed by prince or underling,  
But as he went from sight one voice did cry,  
(A woman's voice, sob-riven), "God save the King!"  
PINE-NEZ.

**The West Indian Garrison.**

THE following article, by Mr. C. E. de la Poer Bessford, in *Public Opinion*, shows that the withdrawal of British garrisons from the outlying parts of the Empire is looked upon differently in Great Britain when the integrity of the Empire may be threatened.

The abandonment of the West Indies, and more particularly of Jamaica, is not a step to be taken without very serious consideration. For to remove all the white troops from the island, with the exception of a few garrisons left at Port Royal and St. Lucia, is practically to abandon this beautiful and fertile realm. The white population of Jamaica is 15,000, whilst the number of colored and black folk in the island amounts to 605,000. So that if at any moment the black people, who are exceedingly ignorant and credulous, were to rise, they could sweep away their white masters in a few hours. The contingency is, we hope, not probable; still, it is possible. The whites in the West Indies—we do not allude to those who go there for a few years only—are enfeebled by a long residence in a trying and enervating climate. Seventy-five thousand hot, sleepless nights have almost sweated out of them the blue British blood of Penn and Venables. But though physically no longer what it was, the race is still in spirit the old Imperial race. The prospect of being handed over to the dominion of those whose ancestors, scarcely more than half-a-century ago, were their own slaves is eminently distasteful to the planters of Jamaica. It is pride rather than fear, that actuates them in this matter.

Sentiment counts far more than we often imagine in this world of ours; but the practical aspect of this question is well worth consideration also. What does Jamaica cost us a year to keep up as a garrison? What is the value of the island as a jewel in the Imperial Crown? For if Cuba has been rightly called the Pearl, Jamaica is the Diamond of the Antilles. The cost of upkeep of the garrison and defences of the island to the Imperial Exchequer is about £130,000 a year. Its potential value is at present great, and

may be enormously increased. Jamaica contains the finest harbor in the Caribbean Sea. When the unfortunate Archduke Maximilian, who perished so bravely at Queretaro, was on his way to assume the ill-fated crown of Mexico, he was met at Port Royal by eleven ships of war. The harbor is large enough to allow a fleet to ride at anchor, and is so sheltered by the strip of land known as the Palisades that, when the breakers from the west are bursting over this, the water inside is as quiet as a mill-pond. Apostles' Battery and Fort Augusta help to protect the entrance. The true strength of Port Royal lies in the defences provided by nature, supplemented by art. For the coral insects have built up a reef round its entrance, making access extremely difficult. Opposite the most narrow passage are ranged, so skilfully as to be absolutely invisible from sea, heavy guns on disappearing carriages. The fire of these (we need not indicate their number, calibre, or exact position), effectually bars the entrance to an enemy. It is scarcely necessary to point out that now, when the construction of the Panama Canal, or an Isthmian passage near it is a certainty, the value of Port Royal, and indeed of the island of Jamaica as a whole, has vastly increased. Such a position constitutes a sentry-box almost at the entrance of the question of the construction of a canal assumed a practical shape, the Imperial Government purchased Port Royal as a necessary part of the scheme of colonial defence and coaling stations. Since that time many thousands of pounds have been spent in the construction of the defences we have above alluded to. These are, perhaps, not even excluding Port Arthur, the most complete and powerful in the world, more because of their site and invulnerability, than of the extent of ground they cover.

It is not to be expected that such a Naboth's vineyard could be looked upon without covetousness by the monarch of neighboring vast possessions. The United States of America do not conceal their wish to become the proprietors of the whole of the West Indian Archipelago. Those who doubt this statement may be referred to recent history. Mr. Washington Eves, C.M.G., pointed out fifteen years ago, in his work published under the auspices of the Royal Colonial Institute, that the substitution of the Stars and Stripes for the Lions and Towers of Spain on El Moro was merely a matter of a few years. Since then the Spanish flag has gone. If the Cuban colors have replaced those of the United States, it is simply because Uncle Sam is content with the position of ground landlord. The purchase of St. Thomas has not been ratified by Denmark. Puerto Rico is American. Santo Domingo is apparently ear-marked. A little Curacao would not be difficult to swallow. Already a large party in Jamaica is for annexation to the United States, which has possessed itself of the major portion of the commerce of the island. The voice of this party would be enormously strengthened by the withdrawal of the British garrison. For, although it is not quite realized by those living on this side of the Atlantic, passions run strong in the West Indies. The Gordon Riots are not forgotten. Over here they recall the trial of an official, considered by some to have exceeded his powers in condemning a colored man to death and in ordering the military to use their rifles. But in Jamaica, by the white population at least, Governor Eyre's memory is cherished as the saviour of the island. For it is considered that, but for his speedy action, the plot to murder all the white population in the island, that undoubtedly existed, would have been crowned with a sanguinary success.

We do not desire to re-open the burning question of the rights and the wrongs of the Morant Bay insurrection. It may be remembered that Baron Ketelholtz, Mr. Herschell, a clergyman, and others were cruelly murdered on that occasion. What we have to deal with is the belief of the white population that the negroes then endeavored to take the island for themselves, and that they would do so again if the chance presented itself to them. In case of such an attempt or were such an attempt successful, anarchy might ensue. The United States would then very justly interpose, to substitute their authority for that of so dangerous and troublesome a neighbor. We hear a great deal of Protection and of our Colonies nowadays. What we advocate is the continuation of protection to the Crown Colony of Jamaica. For the colored men are not sufficiently strong, and the negroes are impotent, to form a Government. Without the presence of our garrison the whites have but two courses left open to them. One is self-effacement, the giving up of their possessions, and probably their lives. The other is to call in the assistance of the Government of the United States of America. They would be more than human if they preferred the former course to the latter.

The lecture of Miss Anita Newcomb McGee, M.D., on "A Woman's Experiences in the Japanese Army," in Association Hall on Friday evening, March 24, promises to be of exceptional interest, as Miss Newcomb was in charge of the nursing corps at the front, through some of the most trying times of the early part of the war.



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Association Hall, Friday, March 24.

Tickets 25c.—For sale at Tyrrell's.

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We are in receipt of our first shipment of Light and Colored Vests for spring. Neat designs in silks, cashmeres and crash effects. A full range of patterns and sizes now to choose from. Our Shirt Department is complete with all the new designs, in English Shirts, which is infinitely broader in scope and of a higher character than any line of similar-priced shirts to be seen elsewhere.

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## The Great Monopoly

By  
A.E.W.  
Mason.

### CHAPTER I.

FOR many years the incident remained a dark and haunting problem. It concealed a tragedy—of so much we all in the end felt sure, but we knew nothing. If the tragedy were a crime, we had no clue to the motive; if an accident, we could discover no trace of its occurrence. The police failed to solve the mystery and we did not rest content with the inquiries of the police. Every possible kind of investigation was practised without thought of the money spent, for a great interest was involved, nothing less in a word than the revolution of an entire industry. But no hint of a solution was obtained, and it was the merest chance which, after the affair had been almost forgotten, disclosed some part of the truth to me.

But however mysterious the end was to prove, the beginning was commonplace enough. One morning in June while I was sitting in my chambers in Gray's Inn thinking over a series of lectures which I was to deliver next term upon the wanderings of Odysseus, my servant entered with a card and a letter, and I read for the first time the name of Reuben Clinch. There was an address upon the card: "Ballarat, Australia."

I turned to the letter, which was addressed to me in a handwriting vaguely familiar, and tore open the envelope. It was a letter of introduction written by a professor at Melbourne University who had been an acquaintance of mine twenty years before when we were both undergraduates at Balliol. I had never liked him then; I liked him less now for thrusting in upon my seclusion. To speak the truth, I was rather annoyed. The letter described the Australian as a young man of great scientific attainments, and I felt that there could be no possible sympathy between such a man and myself. However, I could hardly refuse to see my visitor, and with a sigh for my wasted morning I turned from my Homer and said, "Show Mr. Clinch in."

A young man about twenty-six years of age walked into the room, and at once I could not but grudgingly admit to myself that I was more favorably impressed than I had thought to be. Mr. Clinch was tall and long of limb. He was dark in hair and complexion and wore a little black moustache which did not take away from the singular keenness of his appearance. His face was not handsome so much as significant. There was power and ability in every line of it; the features were sharp and extremely mobile and his eyes very steady.

"I am afraid, Professor Royle, that I am interrupting you," he said as he took my hand.

"Well, Mr. Clinch, the morning is for work, is it not?" I said a little ungraciously. I saw a look of anxiety and disappointment come into his eyes, and I hastened to add: "But I am none the less very glad to see you." I motioned him to a chair near the open window and he sat down in it.

"I am glad to hear it," he said with a smile, "for I know no one at all in London, or, indeed, in England, and the letter of introduction which I have brought to you is the only letter of the kind which I possess."

"Then this is your first visit?" I said.

"Yes," he replied, still looking at me with a great earnestness.

I felt that he was speculating upon my willingness and my ability to serve him, and somehow I was impelled to say to him:

"Well, I must see what I can do for you. I go very little into the world myself, but I can make you an honorary member of my club and I can give you

some letters to people who will be more able to help you to enjoy yourself than I am myself."

Reuben Clinch smiled. The smile was supercilious, the flash of his eyes almost contemptuous. There was suddenly revealed to me a nature masterful and rather intolerant. But in a moment the contempt had gone, and he was leaning forward with his hands upon his knees as though concentrating his mind upon persuading me to serve his turn.

"I did not come here to enjoy myself," he said quietly. "Will you let me tell you what you can do for me?"

"Certainly," I replied, sitting back with resignation in my study chair.

Clinch looked out into the garden for a few seconds, his eyes resting upon the great leafy trees and the green lawns splashed with sunlight beneath their shade.

"It is quiet here," he said. "A very pleasant place for a man to work in," and then he turned his eyes to me and said quietly, "I have made a great discovery."

My heart sank at the words. I should have to listen to the story of his discovery. Meanwhile my Homer was waiting for me upon the desk at my side.

"It is of a scientific kind, I presume?" I said wearily.

"Yes," he said. "I am not well versed in scientific matters," I protested, "but I can give you some letters to scientific men of eminence who will be a help to you."

Reuben Clinch smiled again.

"Thank you, professor, but I am satisfied with the results of my investigations. My discovery is of a practical kind. The help I want is on the commercial side."

"Then," I hastened to interrupt, "I shall be still more useless to you."

"Are you sure?" he asked earnestly. "Hear me first before you answer. I have discovered how to fix the oil in wool."

"I assure you that this is all Greek to me," I replied.

"No," he persisted. "If it were that it would be clear as daylight to you, professor. Let us say that it is to you what Greek would be to me."

It was a neatly-turned compliment, no doubt. I am not more sensible to such things than other men, but one could not but be pleased to know that one had a reputation even in Australia. The smile, too, with which the compliment was expressed was undoubtedly winning.

"Well, tell me about your discovery," I said.

And he began. Frankly, the man was wonderful. He had enthusiasm, he had confidence, and he was determined that I should listen and understand. It appeared that the difficulty of fixing the oil in wool had been the one obstacle in the woolen industry; that experts had been at work upon overcoming it, in vain, for many years. Now he, using the observations which he had made in the practical work of a sheep farm as a basis for his scientific experiments, had discovered the great secret. The dyeing of cloth would be simplified, the processes, the machinery of the Yorkshire factories, would be superseded, the whole industry would be revolutionized. Colossal fortunes would be made, and prices would be lowered for the public. I seemed to be listening to a great commercial epic. The man was magnetic. He made me see the discovery in the great, wide aspect in which it appealed to him. It was a great romance which he unfolded, a romance which began with a boy tending sheep on an upland farm of Australia, and was to end in the multiplication of factories and the capture of the entire world's trade in this industry for England.

He stopped and said abruptly: "Now what I want you to do for me if you can, is to give me a strong introduction to a man of capital engaged in the wool trade."

It was astonishing with what confidence Reuben Clinch made his unlikely request. It was still more astonishing, I think, that I was actually able to comply with it. Fortune was once more siding with the masterful, for one of my few friends was a prosperous wool merchant in the City of London, Mr. Ralph Speedy. I knew little of the commercial side of Speedy's life, but I was aware that he held a high reputation and that his opinion was held of value in his trade. My friendship with him was due to another aspect of his character. He was a man with a great reverence for the classics, though with little knowledge. He would quote Horace upon occasion without, it is true, either accuracy or appositeness, but with an amiable diffidence which quite prevented criticism. And, above all, he had a perfectly genuine deference for those more fortunate people who are really scholars and learned men. It seemed to me always that he had an instinct which enabled him to distinguish between the true scholar and the charlatan. Certainly he had always manifested towards me a respect for classical knowledge, which is nowadays much too rare for the welfare of the country.

"Yes," I said doubtfully, looking at Reuben Clinch, "I could give you such an introduction. But it will be better, perhaps, if I first see the man I am thinking of."

A shade of disappointment darkened upon my visitor's face.

"You will not forget?" he said anxiously.

"No," I replied. "And if I do, I think you will probably call and remind me."

Mr. Clinch laughed, wrote his address upon a card, and went away. I turned back to my Homer and very quickly forgot all about Clinch and his famous discovery.

In the afternoon, however, as I was taking my daily walk he recurred to my mind. I wondered at the strange spell he had cast upon me. I laughed at my momentary obsession as at some foolish hallucination. He was probably an impostor, a quack. And lo! all the time I was unconsciously walking, not to my usual haunt on an afternoon, the room of the British Academy, but down Cheapside towards the city. I woke to

the direction of my walk when I was only a few yards from my friend Speedy's office. Since I was so near I might as well go in.

"What," said my friend genially as I entered his office, "you have deserted Parnassus, and the streams of Helicon? Sit down."

I told Speedy the story of my visitor and of his discovery. Speedy shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"An impostor," said he.

It was my own thought, but now that it was expressed by another man I no longer felt so sure of it. Something of the glamour which Clinch had thrown over his subject came back to me.

"It would be a great discovery," I asked. "A method of fixing the oil in wool would produce this startling revolution in the industry?"

"Undoubtedly," said Speedy. "But everybody has had a shot at it. None has succeeded. It is a secret which will never be discovered."

"It might be worth while seeing the man," I suggested. "I confess that he impressed me."

Speedy looked at me with surprise. It was no doubt as strange to him as it was to me that I should be in any way interested in the subject.

"Oh," he said abruptly, "let's go and see him now," and he took up his hat and placed it on his head.

Clinch had taken rooms in Duke Street, St. James', and thither we drove. We found him in his study.

"I have brought Mr. Speedy to see you," I said.

Clinch's face flushed with pleasure and he shook me warmly by the hand.

"That's very kind of you, professor," he said. "I did not expect it. I understood quite clearly this morning that you did not want to see me at all. I was prepared to hear nothing further from you." Then he turned to my friend and bowed.

Mr. Speedy's name is, of course, very well known to me. I could not hope for better assistance.

Speedy did not respond with any warmth to this greeting.

"I promise no assistance," he said coldly. "You must first prove to me the genuineness of your discovery."

"Of course," said Clinch.

He placed chairs and we sat down. Then he went to a cupboard and took out two small bundles of wool. These he brought across the room to us.

"Here is the natural wool," he said, holding out one of the bundles.

Speedy took it and examined it, and laid it aside.

Clinch handed him the second bundle. "Here is wool from the same clip after my treatment."

Speedy took the second bundle and bent his head closely over it. I saw his face change from its indifference. He fingered the wool and examined it in every part. That he was interested was clear enough, but what he actually thought—that was another matter. His face gave us no clue and he did not speak. We waited upon his decision in a great suspense. I say we, for, indeed, I believe that I was more excited than Reuben Clinch.

"At last Speedy put the bundle down," he said.

"Yes," he said gravely, "this is genuine."

He went to the window and stood looking out upon the street. I had no doubt that the same dream which had been mine this morning was his now. I did not move, neither did Reuben Clinch; but I looked at Clinch. He was now quite calm. Speedy's statement was no more than he had expected. He was sitting quietly, unconcerned, in a chair, his whole attitude that of a man who knows he is right.

"Still, I make no promises," he said. "I make you a proposition, however. I have a house in the country. Will you come down with me on Friday? I will then place in your hands some wool. I will provide you with whatever chemical products you require or you can bring what you require yourself. I am not asking you to disclose your secret. I will give you an empty room which you can lock if you like on the inside, but you must there fix the oil in the wool I give you."

Clinch bowed.

"I accept the test with pleasure."

"Very well, then; we catch the 4.30 train from Waterloo to Dorking on Friday afternoon," Speedy turned to me. "Will you come, too, or will it bore you?"

"No," I answered eagerly, "I shall be very glad."

### CHAPTER II.

The experiment was entirely successful. It was conducted under the strictest surveillance. Clinch himself insisted on being searched before he entered his room. And when the finished wool was produced the last of Speedy's distrust vanished for ever. We all three traveled up to London together on Monday morning, and I very well remember Speedy looking out through the windows upon the Surrey woods and seeing nothing whatever of the foliage as we passed. He was a stoutly-built, strong man, in face and figure an impersonation of common sense. But on this morning his eyes were averted. Clinch had thrown his spell upon him, too.

"There's a colossal fortune in this," he said. "Oh, not merely for us, but for all Yorkshire—for England. We shall simplify and economize in the cost of production that not a country will be able to compete. We shall hold a

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monopoly—a monopoly in cloth!"

In his ears, too, the great commercial epic was sounding loud.

"Think what that means!" he exclaimed. "Think what it means! I don't think it wise to go for a patent. Keep your secret, Clinch. There's no fear that anyone else will hit upon it. We must get Bradford to come in. Oh, it can be done. There will be opposition, of course, but we will break that down. Meanwhile, I'll finance you."

Speedy was quick to act once he had made up his prudent mind. A house was taken furnished near to the Marble Arch and overlooking Hyde Park. It was a good house and well furnished.

"We must do the thing well," said Speedy. "No parsimony and no fireworks." Servants were engaged, an excellent cook—upon that point Speedy laid the greatest stress—a butler, and a footman. Within a fortnight of the visit to Dorking, Clinch was installed, and that notable series of dinner parties began which was to prelude the revolution in the woolen industry.

I was present at the first, which was also the smallest. There were only six seated at the dinner table, three leading Yorkshire manufacturers, Speedy, Clinch, and myself. I can see that party now, even after this lapse of time. The big dining-room with its polished mahogany, its dark hangings, its air of comfort; the round table with its decanters and silver; and Pratt, the burly, shrewd Yorkshireman, leaning across the table with his cigar tilted upwards from the corner of his mouth. He had one hand upon the sample of wool. I remember what a contrast he made to Clinch, who sat opposite to him, with his pale face, dark eyes, and rather suspicious air.

"Who knows how the thing's done?" asked Pratt. "How many are in the secret?"

"Only myself," answered Clinch.

"Let's see, said Pratt. He looked towards me and looked away again. "You? No. You don't. But, Speedy, what of you, eh?"

"I only know the secret," Clinch repeated. "I will explain to you now three-quarters of the process. The other quarter I keep to myself until you come into the scheme."

"That's fair," said Pratt.

"I will confess to you that the three-quarters will be of no help to any man who does not know the rest."

It seemed to me a dangerous plan. But I looked at Clinch. He had no hesitation, no fear. He leaned back in his chair perfectly secure that no one of his hearers would penetrate his secret. He explained the process while those about listened keenly to every word—he explained it with a deliberation which was almost careless. I, of course, could not understand a word. But I understood from the faces of the others about the dinner table that the scheme was being comprehended and thought good.

"Another word, and the cat's out of the bag," he said. "I stop here, gentlemen."

"Very well," said Pratt. He had let his cigar go out. He threw it into the grate and lighted another. "I speak for myself," he went on. "The thing's good enough for me, I'm in, Speedy."

Pratt's opinion carried weight, and his two companions followed him.

"The dinner took place in July. The summer holidays were coming on, and I think only one more such party took place before the early autumn. I am not quite sure, for I left London myself and traveled to Greece in order to follow by sea and land the actual wanderings of Ulysses. The hot weather gave me fever. I was delayed in my undertaking and I only returned to town early in November, just in time to deliver the first of my lectures. It was in the second week of that month that I was again present at a dinner party in the house by the Marble Arch.

As I entered the room I saw that in Speedy's charge the scheme had moved. There were quite twenty people present, many of them, so far as I could gather from the conversation which went on about me, the smaller Bradford manufacturers. Speedy sat next to me and I asked him how things were going.

"Finely," he replied. "We are going to make a great combination. The public announcement will be made in less than a month. You see, and he looked round the table, "we have already come to the smaller fry. They must come in or be crushed out of the trade altogether."

The dinner was in most respects a copy of those which had gone before. The samples of wool were sent round and examined. Some portion of the process was explained and questions were invited by Clinch. One difference I noticed. There seemed more anxiety on the part of the questioners to know what would be the actual cost of the alterations they would have immediately to make in their businesses and factories than to estimates of the subsequent profits which would follow when the process was in use.

"They seem to be niggling," I said to Speedy.

"They are the small men, you see," said Speedy.

The party broke up rather late. It was past twelve when Speedy and I, who had remained to the last, took our leave of Clinch. He came through the hall to the door with us and glanced up at the clock as he passed it.

"I won't ask you to stay on to-night," he said. "Good-by."

That was the last I was ever to see of Clinch. No; I am wrong. The night was mild and Speedy walked with me a little of my way along Oxford street. We had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile when a man came up behind us, passed us, and walked quickly on ahead. He was evidently wearing evening dress and a light overcoat above it. I clutched Speedy by the arm.

"Surely that's Clinch," I said.

"Is it? Where?"

I pointed out the man, who was now some distance in front. I had not seen anything of his face, so that I was not certain.

"It looks like him, certainly," said Speedy. "But one can't be certain. Anyhow, it's no business of ours."

At the next corner he jumped into a hansom and drove back westwards to

his home. I got into an omnibus and jolted along to Gray's Inn. Thither, three mornings later, Speedy came to me. He was terribly agitated. He refused to sit down, and paced the room in the greatest distress.

"What do you think?" he exclaimed. "Clinch has disappeared."

"Disappeared?"

"Yes, vanished completely. There's not a trace of him, not a clue to his whereabouts—nothing; absolutely nothing!"

At once just for a second my old suspicion flashed across my mind. "Was Clinch an impostor?" I asked myself, and I only asked the question to dismiss it. I did not utter it aloud.

"When did he disappear?" I said.

"Three nights ago. You remember we dined at the house."

I uttered a cry.

"It was he, then, who passed us in Oxford street?"

"No doubt of it," said Speedy. "The butler told me that he left the house immediately after he was free of us. Why didn't we stop him?" He dropped into a chair—the very chair in which Clinch had sat in the early summer when he paid me his first visit.

"Oh, why didn't we stop him?" he repeated. He was wringing his hands like a woman in distress.

"You know why we didn't stop him," I replied.

Speedy lifted his head and answered, "Yes."

"Are you sure there was no love affair?"

Speedy knitted his forehead over that problem, and then he cried out in despair, "I don't know. I know nothing. Clinch was secret about himself. He never opened out, did he?"

"No," I replied. "But there might be letters in the house."

"There's nothing; absolutely nothing! I have been at the house all the morning. Not one of the servants knows a thing. There's not the merest scrap of writing that will give us any help."

"When did you first hear that he had disappeared?" I asked.

"Two days ago. That's the fatal time," he said. "I have lost two days, and if it's—"

he paused for a second as though he feared to speak the words even to himself—"if it's foul play the loss of those two days may just stop us from ever finding him. Let's get into a hansom."

He put his hat on his head, helped me into my overcoat, and hurried me out of the room. We went down into the Gray's Inn road and hailed a hansom.

"Scotland Yard," cried Speedy, "and as quick as you can."

He kept a look-out on your side, Royle," he said, "while I talk to you. I'll look out on mine. One of us might see him. Not much hope, but we mustn't miss a chance. You see there has been some sort of an affair, I know. Who she is, what she is, whether she is any particular one, I don't know. But Clinch has gone away before, only he has never stayed away. He has disappeared, only he has come back again. That's why I have lost two days. I thought he would come back until this morning."

"He may have eloped," I suggested as the cab turned down Chancery Lane.

"I have thought of that. But would he?" exclaimed Speedy. "Would he, with all this colossal future waiting for him? I don't know. These quiet, secret men—you never know. But I am afraid of something else."

"Of what?"

"Of one of those queer, accidental things which strike a man down just as he is coming into his kingdom. I have a story in my mind. There was an Englishman who lived for fifteen years in Tibet as a Tibetan, doing Government work, mapping, exploring, and the rest. No one in Tibet suspected. He lived the life, spoke the tongue, and no one knew. Not a cheerful life, eh? Quite cut off from his friends or anyone of his race. Well, after fifteen years his work was done, and back he came to India with his maps and notes and his figures, and all kinds of honors and rewards waiting for him. And he was murdered by some robbers just inside the Indian frontier and all his maps destroyed. That's the kind of thing I am afraid of in Clinch's case. Here he was, with success just within the grasp of his fingers, and he may have been murdered for the handful of coins he had in his pocket."

I had never seen Speedy so moved. I would not have believed it possible that he could have been so moved by the loss of anyone who was not very dear to him. But Clinch had thrown his spell upon both of us.

"Here we are," Speedy cried as the cab stopped.

We told our story to the inspector, and as he listened I noticed that a smile of amusement struggled into his impassive face.

"Oh, I know what you are thinking," said Speedy. "You are thinking that Clinch has fooled us, that he is an impostor and has done a bolt. But that's not true. I know very well what I am talking about. His process was perfectly genuine. He must have made a huge fortune if he had stayed here."

The inspector's face became grave again.

"Then the case looks bad," he said. "Three nights ago he left the house, you say?"

He took every detail which we could give him down in a book, and as he wrote them down I realized how meagre they were. The house in the Bayswater road was searched from floor to ceiling.

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We waited with a lingering hope for a month, for two months, for three. The police could discover nothing. Clinch had disappeared. He carried with him his secret. No one knew the last process by which the wool oil was fixed. The house by the Marble Arch was given up and the great monopoly of cloth became once more a dream.

Speculation was rife as to the reason of Clinch's disappearance. The view which gained most adherents held that he had been lured on that night of his last dinner into some foul den and then murdered for what he had upon his person. But thirteen years later I chanced upon the truth.

I was crossing Westminster Bridge one November evening about six o'clock on my way to Waterloo Station. It was an evening of fog, although the fog was not dense. As I passed beneath a lamp-post there came out of the fog towards me a face which I seemed dimly to recognize. I hesitated as one will do when he is uncertain whether to stop or not. The man whom I recognized but could not identify hesitated, too. He looked at me with a puzzled glance as though he were searching his memory for my name. Then he passed on. I walked slowly on my way for a few paces, trying to recollect where I had seen his face. I stopped again automatically and looked back. I saw that the man had stopped, too, just as I had, and was looking after me as I was looking after him. I turned and walked towards him. Slowly, it seemed to me reluctantly, he in his turn came towards me. As we met he touched his hat.

"I seem to know your face," I said.  
"Yes, sir," he replied. "You are Professor Royle. I was butler to poor Mr. Clinch over there at the Marble Arch."

At once I remembered. The story had grown rather dead to me by this time, but the butler's words revived it vividly.

"Yes," I said. "That was a sad affair."

The butler nodded his head.

"Yes, sir," he added, "you were dining at the house on the night when Mr. Clinch was murdered."

"Murdered?" I exclaimed. "Are you sure of that? He disappeared. That's all we know."

"Oh yes, sir, he was murdered," the butler persisted. "I know very well."

Then he looked around him. "It's so very long since, sir, that I'll tell you how I know. That evening as the gentlemen were leaving I helped two of them on with their coats. They took no notice of me; they were thinking of other things. I heard one say, 'This means ruin to us, you know,' and I heard the other reply, 'It would mean ruin, but it will never come off. You'll see.' I didn't take much notice of the words at the time, sir, but I remembered them afterwards. I remembered, too, that they were spoken with a great deal of conviction."

"But why on earth didn't you come forward and say this at the time?" I asked. The man shuffled his feet on the pavement.

"Well, sir, I didn't remember the names of the gentlemen. I didn't see what good it would do, Mr. Clinch having gone, and—and—well, I told my wife about it and she said, 'Hold your tongue. It won't do you any good to be mixed up in it.' And upon that the butler touched his hat again and disappeared into the fog."

I remembered now that the party was one of the small men. I recollected how the conversation had run on the cost of the alterations consequent upon the revolution of the trade once the process was adopted. Yes, undoubtedly here was the clue, discovered thirteen years too late. How the murder was committed—whether the occasion had been planned or arose by chance from Clinch's departure from the house—remains, and will remain, a mystery. But this is clear, the great monopoly which was so to help England was stopped by a crime, and the crime was committed by one of the smaller men who was likely to go under in the process of change.

### Progress of Winnipeg, Man.

The annual report of the Inspector of Buildings of Winnipeg, Man., gives a good idea of the enormous progress of the city. The value of the new buildings for the last five years is as follows: 1900, \$1,441,863; 1901, \$1,708,557; 1902, \$2,408,125; 1903, \$5,689,400; 1904, \$6,651,750. Figures for other cities for last year follow: Toronto, \$8,855,120; Montreal, \$3,646,484; Hamilton, \$1,000,000; St. Paul, \$3,712,343; Cincinnati, \$5,326,000; Buffalo, \$6,638,310; Detroit, \$6,737,105; Minneapolis, \$7,820,040; Boston, \$18,500,767; Philadelphia, \$21,930,000; Chicago, \$44,724,700; New York, \$75,267,780.

### Much More Powerful.

Professor Smith was once lecturing on natural philosophy, and in the course of his experiments he introduced a most powerful magnet with which he attracted a block of iron from a distance of two feet.

"Can any of you conceive a greater attractive power?" demanded the lecturer, with an air of triumph.

"I can," answered a voice from the audience.

"Not a natural terrestrial object?"

"Yes, indeed."

The lecturer, somewhat puzzled, challenged the man who had spoken to name the article.

Then up rose old Johnny Sowerby.

Said he: "I will give you facts, professor, and you can judge for yourself."

"When I was a young man, there was a little piece of natural magnet done up in a neat cotton dress as was called Betsy Maria. She could draw me fourteen miles on Sunday over plowed land, no matter what wind or weather there was. There was no resistin' her. That magnet of yours is pretty good, but it won't draw so far as Betsy Maria!"

"Their pay is shockingly small for some of our public officials," said the broad-minded man. "Yes," answered the cynic, "but it averages up. Some of the public officials are shockingly small for their pay."

### Famous Informers.

"THERE is honor among thieves, my lord," a barrister once remarked, in the course of some proceedings at the Central Criminal Court to Baron Bramwell.

The Baron looked at him severely.

"There is gold in sea-water," he said; "but it cannot be extracted in profitable quantities. Go on, sir."

"I have never myself found honor among thieves in sufficient quantity to prevent their victimizing their associates when the slightest advantage was to be gained," said Mr. Montagu Williams, and the records of Scotland Yard afford startling evidence to the fact.

Sooner or later the criminals who work together are betrayed by one of the gang. Peace, the burglar and murderer, declared that he ascribed his long immunity from capture to the fact that he never had a partner, and never confided in anyone.

"No one could inform against me," he explained. "I took care never to give anyone the chance. I know too well how a man comes off who has a rope round his neck, and a friend at the other end of it. He pulls it some day."

There have been innumerable instances of the fact. The informer has played a remarkable part in famous trials.

The most infamous informer of modern times that a court of justice has listened to giving evidence against his associates was the notorious James Carey, the planner of the Phoenix Park murders in 1883, when Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke fell beneath the daggers of a band of assassins—the "Invincibles," organized by Carey himself.

Though the murder took place in broad daylight in a public park, and at a spot even within sight of the Vice-regal Lodge, the murderers succeeded in escaping unobserved in a trap that was waiting for them, driven by a trusty confederate known as "Skin the Goat."

Some months later the perpetrators were arrested, and lodged in prison, on suspicion of various offences, and Carey found himself in prison with them. But the evidence to bring the murder home to the guilty men was weak, and the police adopted a little ruse to induce Carey to turn informer. He was led to believe that in the cell next to him one of the most active of the gang was confined, and, as Carey sat, solitary and brooding, in his cell, he heard one day a large number of visitors to his neighbor. There seemed to be a vast amount of bustle and excitement next door, and Carey could only conclude that it was occasioned by one thing. His neighbor must be giving information!

The idea goaded Carey to a frenzy of fear. He resolved to tell all he knew himself, and so turned informer. The only person in the next cell to him was a police officer, and the visitors to him, who, in Carey's afflicted ears, seemed magistrates and Government officials, were really detectives playing a part. Carey sent five of his associates to the gallows, two to penal servitude for life, and others to various terms of imprisonment.

Carey, having done his work, was smuggled out of the country by the police, and fled for safety abroad. He was tracked and shot by O'Donnell, as he was seated in a cabin of the *Melrose*, steamer at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, four months later.

Few people who were in the Central Criminal Court on May 21, 1896, when the two scoundrels, Milson and Fowler, stood in the dock, charged with the murder of Mr. Smith at Muswell Hill, will ever forget the scene that occurred when Fowler tried to strangle Milson, on discovering that he had sought to save his own neck by giving the police information respecting his companion's part in the crime.

When the two men were placed in the dock, a suspicion of what had occurred seemed to penetrate the brain of the great hulking brute Fowler, as he observed how Milson, white-faced and trembling, shrank away from him, and sought refuge in the furthest corner of the dock. To the terror which filled Milson with regard to the result of the trial was now added the awful dread that Fowler might suddenly throw himself upon him, and kill him before the warders or police round could interfere. He begged his custodians, in trembling whispers, to put more men between them. "They did not know what Fowler was like," he declared.

Milson's information did him no good, and, shaking with fear, he crouched in the dock, seemingly half-senseless. At a moment when the attention of the wardens and police was distracted, Fowler seized his opportunity, and, dashing away those who stood between, he threw himself, with a cry like that of a wild beast, on his accomplice, the informer.

It took half a dozen officers to tear him away and to handcuff him. The dock side was smashed to splinters. When the jury brought in their verdict of "Guilty," and the judge passed sentence of death, Milson was yet almost breathless. So intense was the hatred for Milson inspired in Fowler by what he had done that, even when they met on the scaffold, officers had to interpose to check another desperate attempt to wreak vengeance on him.

Another informer who ran a very considerable risk from the hatred inspired in his victim was Johann Schmidt, otherwise Davis, otherwise Grey, otherwise Lieberman, the cleverest forger of Bank of England notes in modern years, and the coolest exposé of his confederates, when it came to the point of being able to make more by "putting them away" than by sticking to them. The details of the trial, when Philip Bernstein Solomon Barnash, and his son, William Barnash, were placed in the dock at the Central Criminal Court, charged with uttering forged notes, will be within my reader's recollection. They will remember how Solomon Barnash, after sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude had been passed upon him, shot himself with a revolver in his cell. How he came to be possessed of such a weapon—he was searched every day—was a mystery. It was probably passed in to him, wrapped in a waterproof cloth, in a breakfast pudding, supplied him from

outside, for, not being yet convicted, Barnash could have his meals sent in.

With the revolver in his pocket, Barnash sat in the dock. It is believed that he desired the weapon to revenge himself on Schmidt—the man who, himself the wicked brains of the whole iniquitous conspiracy, had, as soon as he scented danger and money to be gained, hastened to turn informer.

Schmidt was a superb witness. Possibly he had had practice before. He little dreamt, as he told his story so glibly and calmly, and in such apparent safety, from the witness-box, that that grey-haired, quivering man in the dock had that weapon ready to his hand.

Perhaps it was the paralytic seizure that had attacked Barnash during the trial, or perhaps it was the alertness of the prisoner's watchers in the dock, that prevented Schmidt meeting with a very disagreeable surprise. The informer received a substantial reward. He went to the United States, and then was very soon in "trouble" again.

It is not an absolute rule of law that an informer's evidence is of no value without corroboration, but in practice it is regarded with such suspicion that no judge allows it to go to a jury as worth consideration without confirmation. A police officer or agent, who becomes, in the performance of his duty, a passive spectator of illegal acts for the purpose of discovering guilty persons, is not an informer when he gives evidence against them. Some of the biggest conspiracies, especially political ones, have been foiled by means of the secret agent. He is not to be confounded with the informer.

That the law does right to regard the informer's evidence with suspicion has been shown over and over again. The hope of gain has filled the witness-box with wretches ready, without compunction, to swear away the lives and liberty of innocent persons. The ex-police-man Mullins is a specimen of the worst type of informer. Having murdered an old lady named Emsley, at Stoney, and stolen money and jewelry, he, for the sake of a reward offered for information leading to the conviction of the perpetrator of the crime, hid part of his booty in the outhouse of a neighbor, and then informed the police of his suspicions that his neighbor had committed the murder, and concealed the spoil in the building. The police, acting on his information, searched the building, and found the missing jewelry, but Mullins had acted his part so badly during the search, and had betrayed so much anxiety while it was proceeding, that the detective arrested him as the real murderer. His guilt was clearly proved later on, and Mullins was hanged.

The fate of Mullins recalls that of the man Voirbo, the informer associated with the triumph of M. Mace, the late Parisian *Chef de Sureté*. Mace, while a young detective, and burning to distinguish himself, had the solving of a mysterious murder placed in his hands. He was, after long inquiry, certain that it had been perpetrated by a man named Voirbo. But how bring it home to him? Every effort of the detective failed, and at last he adopted a desperate course. He went to Voirbo, and told him he was certain that he knew a good deal about the crime. Voirbo's confusion was almost a confession of guilt; but he pulled himself together, and told Mace that he believed he knew the murderer, and that he felt confident that he could assist him to run him down. Now Mace was apparently one of the most credulous and generous of men. He declared that if Voirbo helped him to lay hands on the assassin, he would ever remember him; and, thus encouraged, Voirbo commenced to turn energetic informer respecting the suspicious conduct of some people he knew.

Mace appeared completely deceived, and Voirbo, laughing to himself at having so successfully, as he imagined, diverted all suspicion from himself to others, at last completely betrayed himself. He found that M. Mace was quite a different man from what he had imagined, when it was too late to save his head from the guillotine.

In the case of Woodstock, the famous corner, his dog played the part of an unconscious informer, and led to his capture. All efforts to discover the famous criminal had failed. Woodstock was in London, but where no one could tell. Living under an assumed name, he went out only at night, and then in disguise. But it came to the knowledge of the police that he had a retriever dog named Nero. If Nero could be found, he might give information as to his master's hiding-place.

A detective did one day discover a retriever wandering about in Camberwell that responded to the strange name. He kept the dog in view till it came close to a butcher's shop, and then the officer surprised the tradesman by buying a big chunk of beef, and throwing it to the dog. A dog's first instinct under such circumstances is to get its treasure safely home, and Nero trotted off. He led the way to his master's lodging, and the next day Woodstock was in the hands of the pursuers who had tracked him so long in vain.—*Answers*.

### Operating on the Wrong Patient

IN the case of the wrong patient who was operated on at one of the New York hospitals, the surgeon announces that, though the victim did not die, "the operation was a success."

Indeed, the incident was a demonstration of the superiority of luck over precaution, because it happened that the woman selected for the abdominal excavation and the one for whom she was happily mistaken were suffering from an identical disease. Convincing evidence of this is had from the statement of the surgeon who made the incision, and who should be the most competent witness to the facts, since he was more interested in the experiment than any one else. The wrong woman's ideas on the subject have not been expressed, but she will have too much sense, if she had the wish, to dispute the matter with the expert. If she is not ugly about it she will be prayerfully grateful because she did chance to be a victim of a disorder that did not call for the amputation of an arm.

The story of the man who was taken, fainting, to a hospital, and on examination

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**ANTIQUES.**

tion was found to bear a tattoo warning across his chest, is familiar. The phrase informed the house physician that he had been operated on three times, for appendicitis under circumstances over which he had no control, and urged that further surgical treatment of his case in that direction would be highly superfluous. That legendary experience should point the moral for hospitals that to guard against errors less fortunate than the case in point of the wrong lady who was put under ether and the knife there should be fastened securely to the body of every patient a mark of identification that will not permit the prudent and conscientious surgeon to go astray. Under this system, reinforcing the card at the head of the patient's bed and guarding against the mixing of inmates, unconscious or indifferent folk will not be exposed to the peril of laparotomy to cure an infected finger or the removal of the legs to relieve neuralgia in the head.

"Well," said Mr. Titewad, putting down his paper, "that woman who got all that money from those bankers certainly was shrewd. Seems like a woman can always get money from a man, no matter how cautious he is." "She can," remarked Mrs. Titewad, "so long as she isn't married to him."

### Washington.

Special Low-Rate Excursions via Pennsylvania Railroad.

On March 23 and April 14 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run, in connection with the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, special excursions from Batavia, Rochester, Syracuse, and principal intermediate stations to Washington, via Canandaigua and the Northern Central Railway, for the benefit of all who may wish to visit the National Capital. Round-trip tickets, good going on all regular trains on day of issue, and good returning on any regular train except the Pennsylvania Limited, Chicago Limited, or St. Louis Limited, within ten days, exclusive of going date, will be sold at one fare for the round trip, not to exceed \$10.00.

These tickets will be good to return direct via Harrisburg, or via Philadelphia, and to stop off at Baltimore and Philadelphia returning, if deposited with ticket agent at Union Station, Baltimore, or Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

For additional information consult small hand-bills, apply to ticket agents, or address B. P. Fraser, Passenger Agent, Buffalo District, 307 Main street, Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N.Y.









## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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**THE YANKEE CONSUL** is a favorite in Toronto outside the unquestionable merits of the strong company which has been singing to bumper houses the first half of this week. Its humor, emphatically American, is thoroughly appreciated by a Toronto audience, and Raymond Hitchcock, as a distinct type of United States personality, is a source of humor and delight from the beginning to the conclusion of the last bar of the tuneful opera. *The Yankee Consul* has become familiar to Toronto playgoers, and it is evidence of its long popularity that the management of the Princess has been able to play, with exceptional success, two engagements of the same company, producing the same opera, close together in the same season, to crowded houses night after night. Raymond Hitchcock is undoubtedly the feature of the opera, but its music is more than passingly tuneful, and he is supported by two as delightfully charming bits of femininity as appear on the comic opera stage. Miss Flora Zabelle and Miss Rose Batti are a delightful and piquant *Bonita* and *Papinta* respectively.

The Grand Opera House has that familiar play of Wilson Barrett's, *The Sign of the Cross*, this week, and as usual is drawing large houses. The stage setting and music are as good as ever, and a competent company give a very good performance. Mr. Frank W. Smith plays the rôle of *Marcus Superbus* with considerable force and without rant. Miss Adele Klaer as *Mercia*, the Christian maiden, acts with dignity and grace. Miss Ethel Von Osthoff as *Bercesse* is satisfactory. Mr. Morton is thoroughly successful in depicting a tyrannical and detestable *Nero*. The smaller parts are capably filled, and as a whole the production is distinctly good.

Practically the best turn at Shea's this week is that of the three Oscarys, who are European acrobats of a high order. Their work is eccentric and their performance is full of surprises, some of their tricks showing wonderful agility and strength. Another turn of merit is that of Staley and Birbeck, who call themselves the Musical Blacksmiths. A wonderful piece of stagecraft is the transformation of a blacksmith shop into a well-appointed drawing-room. Hal Godfrey & Co. present a clever little sketch, *The Liar*, the plot of which is the time-worn one of the man who stays out late and his excuses. Kartell does some clever tricks on a slack wire. Nora Bayes sings, etc., and is rather amusing. Hathway and Walton are clever clog dancers. George H. Wood as a monologist is well known here, but is not very entertaining. Some rather good pictures on the kinetograph complete the bill.

## New York Letter.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

**A** HUGE bluff which the Interborough "called," is a fair description of the recent strike, that has petered out so mortifyingly to the misguided conductors and motormen of the elevated and subway car lines. It has, of course, left behind in its wake an aggregation of sore heads and sore hearts, that will be some time in healing, but the salutary effect on labor unionism in general will no doubt be very far reaching. Such an ill-advised strike can hardly be found on record, and so ignominious a defeat will certainly not tend to lessen that wholesome mistrust of labor leaders, which began with the notorious Park's revelations and has been accumulating ever since. The worst enemies of labor are within its own ranks, and the sooner labor unions realize this, the better for themselves. If Messrs. Pepper and Jenks were not out for graft, their leadership is simply one of inexcusable, inconceivable folly.

No big strike can succeed without popular support, and public sympathy in this instance was alienated from the start. Even had their cause been just, the peremptory hold-up methods the strikers adopted, using for their weapon a great public utility, could only provoke public indignation.

On Monday afternoon at three o'clock an ultimatum was served on the company, and the answer demanded by eleven o'clock that night. The answer came at eleven, and an hour later the motormen began to hand in their controllers. On Tuesday morning half a million people awoke to the fact that their chief means of transportation down town was cut off, their business interests ignored, and convenience told to go to the devil without the slightest warning.

Fortunately the company had in a measure prepared for the contingency, but to man a service requiring 7,500 more or less experienced men is no small contract, whatever previous preparation has been made. The subway, however, succeeded in running some trains from the hour the strike was called. Not a very satisfactory service at first, and a more or less precarious one to the traveling public at best. A motorman in a Derby hat somehow does not inspire confidence, while guardsmen in plain clothes give a very amateur effect all round. Still we took our chances, some of us, on the "scab" train, and while the motorman jerked and fumbled at his task in front, the good-humored passenger understood the guardsman behind, teaching him the simple routine of opening and closing doors, and of observing the bell signals. Only one serious accident, in which a score of persons were injured, was recorded, and this much has happened before on the regular service.

The elevated suffered most, by reason of its exposure to the hoodlum element, and the service was almost completely suspended on all lines for a couple of days.

Naturally the surface lines bore the brunt of the burden, and the slow-moving procession of cars on Broadway from Forty-second street to the Battery, not a minute or two, but half a car length, apart, every car crowded to the rails and



**HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE CZAREWITCH ALEXIS.**  
This is the only portrait that has yet been taken of the infant prince by himself, and the Czar has sanctioned its publication. The boy, aged six months, is already honorary colonel of several Russian regiments.—*The Tatler*.

even to the roofs, was the common everyday spectacle. To add to the general discomfort, one of those cold, drizzling rains set in on Tuesday afternoon and continued for two or three days, or as long as the derangement from the strike lasted. It was a most conspicuous bit of weather cussedness, strangely in league with the strikers.

The question now uppermost is one of reinstatement. The company declares that most of the positions are filled and, if that be true, the motormen who threw up their jobs at \$3.50 a day are in a sorry plight. No doubt many of the older and more experienced of them will be taken back, though in the face of their broken contracts the company would yield to sentiment rather than any demands of justice in doing so. Men who can deliberately break a contract, as these have done, are ordinarily not to be trusted. The lesson they have learned, however, may give to their future contracts with the company a force they never had before, and in that may lie increased safety, both for the public and the company.

Brilliant is the word that describes Miss Ellis Jeffreys' premiere on the New York stage last Monday night. The New Amsterdam, said to be one of the finest theaters in the world, was crowded with an unusually representative first-night audience, representing wealth, fashion, letters and learning, all come to do homage to the beauty and social prestige of this charming English actress. We knew that Miss Jeffreys was beautiful, and that she rubbed shoulders with the high-born of England. We had heard, too, that she is the best-gowned woman on the stage, and the delight of the feminine world. But we were not quite prepared to find so finished an actress as the accomplished lady proved. In those qualities of finesse she stands nearer Mrs. Patrick Campbell than any actress on the English stage, though not the equal at all of Mrs. Campbell in emotional range or dramatic breadth. She is more high-bred, in that exclusive sense, in fact more so than any actress we have seen, and in that quality is quite ideally the product of an aristocratic and exclusive environment.

In *The Prince Consort* she plays the part of a young queen with courtly grace, with quite natural dignity and genuine aristocratic reserve of feeling. Indeed, she becomes the part of a high-bred queen, from crown to slipped heel, and in the womanly parts prepared for her, while still the indisputably high-bred lady, is ardent, tender, whimsical and delightfully human. Her voice has not the cathedral quality, say of Miss Mathison, but it is refined and exceedingly well modulated—one you would recognize as the voice of a lady, and the point is worth insisting upon in these degenerate vocal days.

*The Prince Consort* itself is a rather dubious piece, and we hardly know at times what the author's intentions are regarding it. Sometimes it suggests comedy, then satire, and then again a straight emotional drama. The theme is an excellent one for satire, and had the author worked along those lines entirely, he might have given us something exceptionally clever. There is more than a hint here and there, too, of his ability in the satirical field. As it is, we have little more than a part peculiarly fitted to Miss Jeffreys' talents, with bits of side play tacked on here and there, and the whole padded out with some show of symmetry. The result, however, is far from unpleasing, and with a well-selected cast, a splendid

stage-mounting and, above all, the beautiful queen enthroned in its midst, we are quite satisfied. Mr. Arnold Daly undertook the rehearsals for the New York production, and his part of the work has been done with all his characteristic regard for effective stage detail. There is nothing whatever lacking in this respect.

*Queen Sonia* is the queen of an imaginary kingdom, and the story of the play is the story of her love for the *Prince Consort*, and his ultimate enthronement at her side. This prince is son and heir of the ex-king of another fictitious kingdom, Ingra, but in every way is the son unlike the royal sire, whose only concern seems to be to get himself some comfortable berth with a sufficient allowance to enjoy his exile in gay Paris. The prince is a noble, disinterested fellow, and will not lend himself to his father's designs to marry him, willy-nilly, to the *Queen of Sonia*, for mercenary advantages. He will wed only where he loves.

However, both queen and prince love from the moment their eyes meet, and all would go well and happily, but for the laws of Sonia, that forbid the prince consort any share in the royal throne. This naturally offends the dignity of the prince, who, in time, becomes impatient at being a mere puppet in the royal household, excluded from all State councils, and reduced to standing behind his wife's chair at all court functions. In their private life nothing is left to desire, unless it be a further privacy from inconvenient royal attendants. Prince and queen are then loving, caressing and playful, and many a tender passage is born of their sweet love-making. But these moments only increase the bitterness of the separation that official life requires. To be loved one moment and ignored the next!

The situation is not new to womenkind, who for ages have complacently accepted the every day separation from their husbands' official and business interests. But turn the tables, and man becomes a sulky rebel. At least this prince did, and so played on the heartstrings of the proud queen that she was finally and completely won over to his view of things. Not, of course, until the whole gamut of human emotion had been run, wherein was provided the serious dramatic interest of the piece. The result was, that the Ministers had to choose between amending the constitution, so that the prince might share the throne equally with their queen, or accept her abdication.

Some of the incidents and situations no doubt have their counterpart in less imaginary royal circles. In fact, we have even heard little stories of how our own proud young Queen Victoria taught her Prince Consort his place, but apparently she won out, for we do not read of any threat of abdication on his behalf.

As the *Prince Cyril of Ingra*, Mr. Ben Webster gave a capital performance. In appearance handsome, refined and princely, and in his wooing showing both the chivalry and the reserve of his royal pedigree, while in the assertion of his manhood he displayed all the fine fire we look for in noble blood. In fact, he was quite the ideal lover of the quite ideal queen. Mr. Henry E. Dixey, as the gay old ex-king of Ingra, made up to resemble Leopold of Belgium, was very amusing. He had also an excellent foil in Miss Kate Phillips, as the

*Princess Xenofa*. Mr. William H. Thompson was not so happily provided for, and struggled rather ineffectually to get humor out of his part as *President of the Council*. Our delightful old friend of *Polichinelle* fame had plainly never been to court, and good, loyal republican that he is, could not make himself quite at home there.

*The Prince Consort's* engagement is a very brief one, but, meantime, it is enjoying a well-deserved popularity. Miss Jeffreys, the latest English actress to cross the ocean, has certainly scored a success, and her promised return in the autumn with a new play will be awaited with great interest.

Unfortunately there is no space left to notice the very interesting performance of Ibsen's *When We Dead Awake*, produced this week, for the first time in America, under the direction of Mr. Maurice Campbell. Only three matinee performances have so far been given, but these proved so entirely successful that three more are promised for the coming week.

During next week, too, Mr. Forbes Robertson will treat us to a revival of his well-known *Hamlet*, a part much more worthy his great talents than the reputed *Prime Minister* of Mr. Esmond's play. Miss Mary Manning is also down for a new play during the week, so that, in spite of Lent, the theatrical feast goes merrily on. J. E. W.

## Random Shots.

IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

How happy must Adam have been!  
The fashions ne'er brought him to grief;  
No dressmaking bills ever caused him to frown,  
And whenever Eve asked for a new style of gown  
He just brought her a different leaf.

A TIMELY HINT.

Tho' poets sing their odes to Spring,  
Tho' boys at marbles play,  
Tho' now the sun makes rivers run  
Down Yonge street to the bay,  
Be not in haste to get encased  
In underwear that's new,  
But rather stick to flannels thick—  
Until they stick to you.

THIS IS THE SEASON.

In the Spring a husband's fancy turns with trembling and with chills  
To the thought of how to meet his wife's millinery bills.

HEROES BOLD.

The men who go to Ottawa,  
To win a hockey game,  
On A. Carnegie's hero fund  
Should surely have some claim.

WHEN?

The dawn of the millennium  
Will break in glory o'er  
Toronto when our women learn  
To shut a street-car door.

THE MAN WHO KEEPS LENT.

In sackcloth and in ashes  
For forty days he sits—  
Next day the devil smashes  
His goodness into bits.

LOVELACE, ACCORDING TO LAURIER.

But this inconstancy is such  
As churchmen must adore—  
I could not love the West so much  
Loved I not Rome the more.

CAN YOU GUESS?

Judge Morgan says we all are fools,  
Or, if we're not, we're knaves—  
In which class is the wise old judge  
Who humanly behaves? W. F. W.

## A Roman Catholic's Criticism of Celibacy.

**F**ROM expressions frequently heard in the more independent sections of the Roman Catholic Church, it is evident that differences of opinion exist among Roman Catholics in regard to the doctrine of celibacy. There has lately appeared in the *Renaissance* (Munich), No. 11, from the pen of the well-known "Reform Catholic" editor and writer, Dr. Joseph Muller, an article entitled *Zum Thema Priesterzölibat* (On the Subject of the Celibacy of the Priests). He says in substance:

Recent statistics published in Wurtemberg show that the Protestant clergy of that kingdom receive about two-thirds of their additions from the educated classes, and that fully one-third are the sons of Protestant clergymen. Only one-third of the Protestant pastors come from the families of the peasants and the lower classes of society. These statistics reveal conditions similar to those prevailing in all Protestant lands. The great majority of Protestant clergymen come from the higher and more educated ranks. On the other hand, these same statistics show that a preponderance of Roman Catholic clergymen come from the lower social ranks. Exceedingly few belong to educated and cultured families, and it is apparent that many men enter the ranks of the priesthood to escape the disagreeable features of poverty and adopt the sacred calling largely by compulsion. And yet, notwithstanding this, there is an insufficient number of priests, due solely to compulsory celibacy. Not only that, but the large contingent of ministers' sons, which augments the ranks of the Protestant clergy is entirely lacking in the case of the Roman Catholic Church.

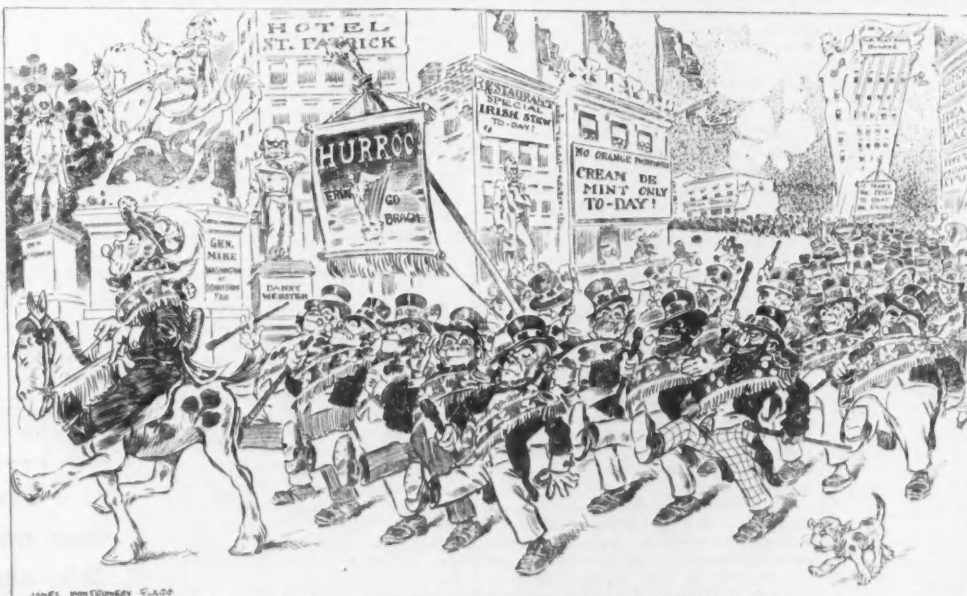
In addition, this state of celibacy has had a most harmful effect upon the people, as well as upon the clergy themselves. It represents a kind of robbery of society, by which the further propagation of a certain percentage of educated and morally developed people is prevented, and its effect is positively detrimental to the progress of the race. The Protestant family is a centre of culture and education, a mission headquarters for higher ideals for the whole congregation and the whole neighborhood. In the nature of the case, the home of the priest can never exert the same influence. It is one of the remarkable features of the higher educational history of Germany, as also of other countries, that no other class has produced such a large number of great scholars, officials, leaders in thought and action, both men and women, as the number produced by the Protestant parsonage. On the other hand, the inferiority of the Roman Catholic intelligence, as compared with the Protestant, as well as the superiority of the Protestants, even in Roman Catholic countries, in wealth and station, is one of the results of present conditions.

The complaint is commonly heard that the Roman Catholic clergy have little sympathy and understanding in dealing with the needs and feelings of the lower classes. This complaint arises chiefly in France, and it must be confessed that it is caused by the fact that the clergy have no families and no family life.

There is a way out of the trouble that would preserve the dignity of the clergy. All that is necessary is to return to the old practice of allowing a distinction between the lower and the upper clergy. Under that arrangement the clergy of the lower orders could marry and exercise all the functions of the clergy, with the exception of the service at the altar and that of confession.

It is necessary, in a matter like celibacy, which is a purely human obligation, to take circumstances into consideration and to change the rule where wisdom demands a change. The rules were made for men, and not men for the rules. Human nature must be respected. The laws of nature are like dogmas. Personal liberty, too, has its rights, especially in such an important matter as the founding of a family. The writer would not say that all the clergy even of the lower orders should marry; but, in case of necessity, it should be permitted.

In further discussion of this subject, a series of articles has recently appeared in the Berlin *Nationalzeitung* on *Das Evangelische Pfarrhaus* (The Protestant Pastor's Family). It furnishes some indirect evidence in favor of a married clergy, by giving in full statistics which show how much of the best and most successful intellectual and practical work of the nation and the world has been done by the sons of Protestant clergymen. It describes the Protestant parsonage as "the greatest home of culture and morality and character in the nation."



**THE SEVENTEENTH OF MARCH IN NEW YORK.**  
The day we celebrate.—*Life*.



## "Tis a Far Cry."

"THEY will say in England," said the Duke of Wellington as he stepped from the ball-room of the Duchess of Richmond in Brussels, and the distant roar of the heavy guns told that Napoleon, with his veteran army, was advancing in force towards the little village of Waterloo; "they will say in England that we were taken by surprise."

"There is nothing surprising in this world," said his host of Richmond with the good-natured cynicism of his ancestor, Charles the Second, King of England. "It is the unexpected that always happens."

In the farm-houses of the Ottawa Valley, in Canada, when the story-telling mood comes over the grandchildren of the Scotch and Irish Celts who settled Eastern Ontario a hundred years ago, with that love for the sensational and weird inherent to the race, there is told the story of the death of the Duke of Richmond, whose entertainment was interrupted by an event that changed the history of the world. In a primitive barn by the forest road that led from where now stands the quaint old town of Perth, to the site of the present capital of the Dominion, its ruins yet pointed out by the legend-loving Canadians, there was proved, in the tragedy of awful death, the truth of the laughing saying of the merry monarch's great grandson laughed to the hoarse accompaniment of the guns that presaged the death grapple of Europe with her would-be conqueror. For not many years afterwards in and about a lonely barn in the depths of a Canadian forest there gathered, horror-stricken, the forbears of many of the farmers of Eastern Ontario to gaze on the descendant of the kingly Stuarts and of the noblest blood of Britain, who lay, bound and naked, on a heap of straw, his long limbs struggling and wrenching to break his bonds, his blood-shot eyes gleaming with madness, his face quivering with agony, and



"I followed her."

the tell-tale foam of hydrophobia on his lips. The end came soon, but not before the horror of it all had so impressed itself on the minds of the awe-stricken settlers that to this day their aged sons and daughters yet tell to groups that gather in the farm-houses of the district the terrible tale of the death of the great Duke of Richmond, Governor-General of the Canadas, in the roofless, crumbling barn that yet may be seen on the Richmond road.

"There is nothing surprising in this world," said a sturdy farmer of the Richmond road, one night not long ago, unconsciously quoting the laughing words said to the Iron Duke as he mounted his horse nearly a century ago, when his curly-haired son had recited by way of entertainment Byron's *Battle of Waterloo*, from *Childe Harold*, embodied in his school reader and had gone to bed; "when I think that that boy's grandfather stood by the side of the death struggles of the man who gave occasion for the dramatic conception by Byron of one of the greatest battle poems of the language."

The man's strong Scotch-Canadian face lost a little of its seriousness, and he continued, with a smile: "And that the death of the Duke is possibly the reason of the boy's existence. I might never have got that boy's mother if it hadn't been for the Duke's death a hummer year ago. Eh, Maggie?"

"Now, Donald, don't tell that story any more," said the bright-eyed, buxom Canadian housewife, looking up from her knitting, and from the brightness of her cheeks one could judge of the winsome fascination of her girlhood. "The first thing you know, it will be printed."

"All right, let him print it," said the guidman with a laugh. "It is only a ghost story with a practical ending, and, Maggie, ye are practical, ye know ye are."

And this is what he told me as the lamp burned low, 'midst the clicking of the knitting-needles and the soft-voiced protestations of his wife, to whom the courtship of her girlhood was none of the stranger's business.

"Maggie and I had quarrelled, as all lovers do, I suppose, and I was heart-sick to make it up, but I never had time to chance," said Donald, his tongue taking on the sibilant Highland accent of his boyhood, "and I was proud and independent."

"The Macdonalds are aye that," said his wife. "Look at our wee Rab, as proud as a Lord of the Isles, an' he not in breeks a year yet; aye, but he is a bonnie laddie, though, to his mither." And the cooing of the Highland mother's voice was not altogether damnable of pride.

"We hadn't spoken for two weeks," continued the husband, "when we met one night by chance in a neebor's hoose along



"Don't leave me, Donald."

the Richmond road. We didn't speak. Maggie merely glowered at me all evenin', and altho' ye wouldn't think it, Maggie's eyes can glower."

"Gae on wi' the story, man," said the wife, complacently, "and leave my e'en alone. Ye talked enough aboot them for byes, and I was fule enough to listen."

"The hoose we were visitin' were Irish folk, chuck full o' stories aboot Banshees and fairies and ghosts, and we had a very interestin' evenin', altho' Maggie would glower on me. There was no word said between us as we listened to the auld folk tellin' the stories they had brought with them from the lands beyond the seas. Then as the hour was growin' late and the candles were burnin' low, an auld man told of the death of the Duke of Richmond. He had seen it all and told us how the Duke had been bitten by a tame fox on the bank of the St. Lawrence River, and had then come north along the line of the proposed Rideau Canal about to be constructed at the suggestion of the Duke of Wellington. He had been dined and wine by the half-pay officers of the military settlement of Perth, and while on the road to Bytown, then only a stopping-place on the Ottawa River, he had suddenly shown signs of madness, and despite the watchfulness of his aide-de-camp, Colonel Playfair, the grandfather of Mrs. McLaren, the wife of Hon. Peter McLaren of Perth, had escaped from the party and after a long chase through the woods had been secured in the log-barn, yet standing not a mile away, his clothes being torn from him by the underbrush and the efforts



FIRST ADVANCES.  
Russian Bear (tentatively)—Ahem!—Punch.

of his staff. It was an awfu' story told there in the blinking light of the sputtering candles, almost on the ground where it all occurred, and when it was told we rose to go. Maggie was the only one that had to go up the road past the auld barn and I was goin' to ask leave to see her home when I saw the glower in her eye. The story had made her face pale and I saw her hands tremble as she fixed on her hat, wi' a guid night. Mrs. O'Connor, I'm not a bit afraid; it's a moonlight night and I know every foot of the ground. But I knew that it was not the cauld winter night that made her shiver as she looked along the lonely, snow-covered road with the eerie shadows of the trees moving to and fro in the moonlight on the snow. I followed her, for I knew that her pride would never let her turn her head, and then it was as I watched her walkin' proud an' disdainful that I decided to leave the destrict for ever and gang 'lumberin' up in the Saugeen country in the West, where the Counties of Huron and Bruce are now. I had made up my mind till it and to-morrow I would start—when out frae the auld barn where the Duke had died leaped a red thing for a' the world like a fox. I was startled. The stories of the night had got on my nerves and for a minute O'Connor's yellow mongrel dog looked even to me like a fox. Maggie, poor wee Maggie, and the rough, bony Scotch-Canadian reached out his big horny hand and tapped his wife's stout shoulder with kindly affection; "as for her, poor lass, she just gave a cry that was half a scream and half a sob, and waded to and fro as if she would drop right on the hard road. I caught her fore she fell and held her up, and all she said was, 'Don't leave me, Donald, will ye not? Don't leave me, Donald.'"

"An' ye didn't, Donald," said the wife, whose knitting had fallen to the floor. I noticed that there were tears in her voice, and that the hard-headed, prosaic Canadian farmer and his wife were sitting hand in hand in the dim light.

The petulant cry of a child broke the stillness that had

fallen on the room.

"It's wee Donald. I tauld him that too many pancakes would give him the stomach-ache," and as the good wife disappeared old Donald turned his face to me and, as the baby wail was raised again, he said quietly:

"It's a far cry from the Richmond road to the time when 'Belgium's capital had gathered there her beauty and her chivalry.'"

### Musings of a Mild Man.

Now that we are realizing on our hopes of seeing bare pavements once more, even the weakest imagination can see the same old brand of dust rising uninvited and unchecked.

When Robert John Fleming has finished cutting out street-car stops and John Chambers has made an end of thinning out the trees on the streets, the old town will no longer seem like home to returning wanderers.

In these degenerate days politeness seems to consist in letting the other man go ahead of you in entering an elevator in order that he may be behind you when it comes to getting off. No doubt we shall soon cease speaking of erecting air castles and use instead the more expressive wording, "building a Yonge street bridge."

Dr. Osler's scheme of chloroforming at sixty would have one happy result—it would keep the daily papers free from pictures of golden wedding celebrators.

Looking at the crowds on the street-car steps, one is reluctantly forced to conclude that giving a good car service is not that for which R. J. Fleming is paid \$10,000 a year.

If Japan has really become westernized there should be much of interest in a full report of Mukden night in Tokio.

The Central Prison is at present crowded, and, to forestall Hamilton comment, I rise to remark that this is another result of the house famine in Toronto.

W. A. C.



SHOEING THE YOUNG MAN.  
The Mother (Mr. Haultain)—Oh, dear, no! It is not shackles he wants, but boots that will give him the greatest freedom and comfort. (Mr. Haultain, in his open letter to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, insists that the new provinces be put on the same footing as the others, with the ex-be yew?—The Tatler.

### Dooley in Toronto.



"HAVE you been away, Dooley? I haven't seen you whin I've dropped in lately," said Hennessy. "I have," replied Dooley. "I've been in foreign parts. I've been to Canada, Hennessy. I was visitin' a cousin iv Mrs. Dooley's in Toronto, no less." "I've heard iv Toronto," commented Hennessy, with an air of wide information. "Quite a place, I suppose, but cowlid, isn't it?" "It is, in the street cars, sometimes, I believe," replied Dooley. "But goin' from Chicago ye would hardly notice it, if it wasn't that the snow has a clane look. There's no place like Chicago, Hennessy; but, after all, it's somethin' like livin' at the bottom iv a well. It does wan good to climb out wance in a while and see what's the other side iv the sky-scrapers. I wint be the Grand Thrunk flyer, and now I know what it feels like to be a bird. It's a queer sensation to be whirled through the air at the rate iv twenty-five miles an hour, Hennessy. Whin ye do thrawl there's somethin' in bein' a public character. Whin I got to Toronto, I got aff the thrain and was lookin' around to see iv me wife's cousin had come to meet me, whin up steps a young man wid the eye iv a hawk. 'Misther Dooley iv Chicago,' he sez, extendin' his hand. 'Are you Dolin's son?' I sez. 'I am not,' he sez. 'Thin, I sez, 'ye have the advantage iv me.' 'Iv course I have,' he says. 'It's me business,' he sez, 'to take advantage iv every man that's anybody at all,' he sez. 'Me name is Howell,' he sez. 'I'm the chief porther in the Canadian Club,' he sez, 'and we'll entertain you to lunch on Monda,' he sez, 'an' hear yer views on Reciprocity or any ould thing.' 'But, I sez, 'who towld you I was comin' to Toronto?' 'No wan,' he sez, 'I knew you be yer pictures in the papers. I'm here at the station ivery Saturda,' he sez, 'lyin' low fr casual visitors. We take no refusals,' he sez. 'I know nothin' iv Reciprocity,' I sez. 'That's all right,' he sez, 'twill make your remarks more interestin'."

"Well, what could I do, Hennessy? So iv course I wint to the meetin' iv the club on Monda' at noon. 'Tis in the Foresters' Temple—a big place that they told me was built by the chief iv the Mohawk Indians, and would be a credit to any white man. It's a new kind iv a club, Hennessy. We have nothin' like it in Chicago. 'Tis for food reform and general information and discussion. For the first twenty minutes, the mimbbers thry how slim a lunch a man can do with, and thin they light their pipes and cigars (and also segars) and cigar-ettes, and the president gets up and sez, 'We have with us to-day, gentlemen,' he sez, 'Misther So-and-so, and goes on to mention what the spaker is goin' to talk about. Whin he mentioned my name they was prolonged cheers and some iv them started to sing *Misther Dooley*. I done me best, Hennessy, wid the subject iv Reciprocity. I don't remember all I said, but I'll give ye a few extracts. 'I'm here,' I says, 'to have a friendly talk wid yez as an American business man,' I sez. 'Our policy in the States is to keep out foreign goods altogether,' I sez, 'and give our home industries a chance to feed on us till they grow up like Carnegie and Rockefeller,' I sez, 'and are able to make the laws fr themselves. But we are in favor iv Reciprocity whin it suits us. And at present,' I sez, 'we feel inclined that way. For many years we had no use fr Canada and harly knew where ye lived. Thin we got a reciprocity treaty wid yez, which was a good thing fr us, but we had a suspicion,' I sez, 'that it was a good thing fr you, too, so we put an end to it. We intended to do yez a bad turn, as neighbors will; but, me friends,' I sez, 'we found out that we hurt ourselves more nor you, and so we come,' I sez, 'wid the olive branch in wan hand, and in the other the tender motto, "Let bygones be bygones." We need Reciprocity in our business at present,' I says. 'We have been so busy teachin' Christian civilization to the Filipinos,' I sez, 'that we hadn't time fr home affairs; but we happen to notice,' I sez, 'that our lumber is about done, and we have no pulp-wood to spake of, while you have plenty iv both, and many other things that will come in handy fr us at the present time; so we are inclined to listen to proposals fr Reciprocity. But,' I sez, 'gentlemen, there's wan pint about Reciprocity that we regard wid disfavor, and would prefer to leave out. I mane what they call the *mutual benefit* in it—that it will do good to both parties. It is a difficult pint,' I sez, 'to get over; to fix it so we can get the benefit iv free lumber and the rest iv it from you, widout allowin' you to get the benefit in sellin' the stuff to us. 'Tis this snag,' I sez, 'that has made us hesitate so long. 'Tis wan iv our most sacred principles to take everything and give it, give up the glitterin' generalities iv the Declaration of Independence, or any little thing like that, that has raley no market value, we can't tolerate,' I sez. 'The idea iv mutual benefits in our dealin' wid foreigners, But,' I sez, 'gentlemen, we thrust this pint can be got over in some way be the Senate iv the United States. Perhaps,' I sez, 'me friend, Attorney-General Moody, can fix up a drawback plan that will do it, arrangin' it so that the money we pay you for the lumber and such like will be handed back to us, while you pay us cash fr what we send over here. That,' I sez, 'gentlemen, is Reciprocity as we understand it, and I thrust that as good neighbors, and fr the sake iv peace and quietness, you will avoid hurtin' our feelin's,' I sez, 'and consider it a pleasure and privilege to give us all we ax for.'"

"Between you and me, Hennessy, I know nothin' iv the subject at all, only what I've picked up from what I read and hear; but I think me speech did no injustice to our great Raypublic, anyhow. . . . Me wife's cousin is in business in Toronto, conductin' a gints' furnishin' establishment—furnishin' drink and segars, I mane. He took me round and showed me the town. The City Hall is a fine place, wid a high tower, but I'm towld it won't look so high whin the architect's bill is all in. Dolan isn't a member iv the Alderman Board. Saloon-kapin' is not regarded there wid the respect and veneration it is here in Chicago. They're mighty particular, Hennessy. I was towld they turned down a man for Mayor because his wife's nephew had a son-in-law whose grandfather once owned stock in a distillery. Toronto hates Chicago fr goodness iveryway, Hennessy. 'Tis full iv churches, and Y.M.C.A.'s, an' missions, to say nothin' iv Star theaters and the likes iv that. I found a strong feelin' all over the place fr public ownership. The street car company belaves in it, an' acts on the belafe, they towld me. "I wint to see Goldwin Smith, iv course. Ye have to do it if ye're anybody in particular and visits Toronto. He's a fine ould gentleman, still active, and writin' English history fr a farmers' paper ivery week. He looks well; but he towld me he has no use fr such sayin's as "laugh and grow fat." He's past eighty now, but takes no stock in the chloroform theory. He seems to be just as happy as iver, just sittin' on his stoop and expectin' blue ruin to swally the world in general. It's his opinion, Hennessy, that if the United States is saved from revelation and disaster 'twill be only on account iv the righteousness iv Chicago an' Omaha. "I suppose Goldwin Smith is the greatest man they have in Toronto," said Hennessy. "He is all but wan," said Dooley, "or, I should say, all but three—the late Assessment Commissioner is wan and Bob Fleming is the other two." J. W. BENOUGH.

Chips.

Clothes make the man, and want of them the chorus girl. Oily to bed and oily to rise is the fate of a man when an auto he buys.

The Bad Dancer—One more turn and I would have lost my breath entirely. The Victim—Just one more turn, please, Mr. Ponsonby.

"You say your late uncle was an eccentric old fellow. Do you think he was insane?" "I don't know—the will hasn't been read yet."

Jasper—So the Orville Swells have really got into society? Jumpuppe—Sure they have. They have had a hyphen put in and their appendices taken out.

Mrs. Forehandred—What was that awful yelping in the nursery just now? Maid—The nurse just slapped one of your children. Mrs. Forehandred—Oh! I was afraid somebody had kicked Fido.

"I think," said the prison visitor, "it would be helpful to you if you would take some good motto and try to live up to it." "Yes," said the convict. "Now, I'd like to select, for instance, 'We are here to-day and gone to-morrow.'"



## Correspondence Column

The above Coupons must accompany every request for a copy of the *Correspondence Column*. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphical studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. 3. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 4. Questions, queries or postal cards are not studied. 5. Please address Correspondence Column envelopes addressed accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Punch.—I am not a mind-reader, and therefore couldn't say just why the crowd attended the Grand Opera in November. I dare say you are right about some being bored and sleepy. The "Isle of Spice" is the thing for many hereabouts. 2. Your writing shows good cheer, speculative thought, excellent sequence of ideas, but tender, but weak and sometimes erratic purpose. You have not the dominant touch. The divine spark, if it be in you, would only flash after long friction like the primitive way of coaxing fire, instead of answering instantly like electric contact. Slow, and sometimes not so sure, but while not good on fireworks, you are capable of very good things otherwise. You take care, and are sure to do well what you undertake. The tendency to be frankness, tempered with discretion, and some pride and self-respect, but not very aggressive, are shown. Adaptability, capacity of affection, and enthusiasm are shown. Some business aptitude is also suggested. It is anything but a dull or phlegmatic nature.

Lanthe B.—January 13 brings you under the full influence of Capricorn, an earth sign, and your very neat, concise, and restrained hand shows you to be a fairly developed specimen of that influence. Certainly if you take up nursing you will make a good nurse, but I doubt if you can take life gently and wisely enough to stand the strain. It is not always the deliberative folk who are easy lives. Sometimes they brood intensely, especially with the artistic streak in them. You have and would enjoy power, are tenacious and a little pessimistic, very careful of details, and with some enthusiasm. I like to hear of love of home associations. It shows a sound and healthy nature. Success to you in your work in that big city. It is hard on all, but some wrest a triumph from it after all. It has not been "happy" spite of your good wish, but very interesting and full of suggestion and some growth. July 11 brings you under Cancer, a water sign, the first of the water triplicity, which are July, November, and March.

B. N. A.—"Act like a Christian?"—which sort? A Russian Christian? Christianity wouldn't prevent my telling you that your study is susceptible to influences appealing to your emotional and animal side, that you are aggressive, self-centered, and have good sympathies and readily respond to any speculative or imaginative idea. You are fond of display and your taste is towards broad effects and loud tones. There is considerable cleverness and some originality in your make-up, but a waste of force and opportunity, the fatal February prodigality and indifference. This diffidence leaves you needy when your trial comes. Aquarius people are so well supplied that they often waste, and later on want, psychic powers.

Bela, Guelph.—Success to you, and may you live always in the same state of bliss. "Nothing too good for you." Ah, my woman, you are lucky, as some put it, but there are all sorts of rude awakenings if you build on that foundation. However, you can make it reasonably firm if you meet all that indulgence (which is only nervous egotism) with tender and grateful acknowledgments. You are a Virgo child, largely materialistic, anyway. Your writing isn't thoroughly developed, and shows many lines. You are tenacious of rights and possessions, cheerful, illogical, and impressionable. You are observant, careful, and decidedly pleasant, love beauty and harmony, order and method, and would probably be a capital housewife. There are very charming lines and curves in your writing, indicating much grace of nature and amiability of disposition.

Hawthorn.—In reference to the second date, you, as a well-developed Taurus (not Taurus), will find your most congenial companions under Capricorn and Libra, January and October. The date you mention is just on the cusp, Libra giving way to Scorpio on that day. Taurus people are fearless and kind, generous of gifts, and material help, when their feelings are touched. You have not the marked concentration which belongs to Taurus folk. They are asked by wise counsellors to remember that "the greatest conquest is that of self." It is said that the brightest children are the fruit of a Libra and Taurus union. Your writing is practical, pleasant, logical and sensible, frank, but not indiscreet, and shows love of beauty. It looks like the hand of a capable business woman.

A Lady Kangaroo.—It refers to indiscreet and hasty verbal promises. "Tying a knot with your tongue that you can't undo with your teeth" is often remarked of the marriage service, and its promises. Your ink has faded so much that I cannot see your lines to delineate them justly.

Trinity.—The lectures are open to the public. You can buy a ticket or a simple admission at the door. Go early, as they are sometimes very crowded. Thanks for bouquets. Fair words butter no parsnips, but they are pleasant. "Tut, tut!"

Tory.—I might at this late date almost ask you which election you meant. Locally you were suited, surely. I am afraid politics require more time to consider with intelligence than I am able to spare, therefore I leave them largely alone. For a little girl you write a very eloquent and worthy hand, and your way of stating a case is anything but childish. You have a strong will and love to exercise and possess power, bright and practical, you tend to materialism and are not sentimental nor easily influenced through emotion. You are voluble and frank in speech, slightly self-assertive and not very logical. Talent and initiative are shown in your lines.

Marguerite.—March is a very good date, if you are not averse to disciplining and training yourself to consistent, honest and unselfish effort. The March people, capable of compelling as much affection, and of exasperating those who love them by their sometimes elusive and erratic ways, are like the fishes of their sign, apt to leave few traces of their passage through life. Here and there is a March personality extra dominant and trenchant. There are, as well as sardines, my dear! Your writing, while markedly insincere and artificial, is practical, and you have possibilities of power. You forethought about getting your study to me before the line was blocked with snow is a curious touch of your frequent longheadedness. You are cheerful and rather good-tempered. You are fairly informed and have digested much that you have learned. A strong sense of propriety and fitness keeps you well guarded from unwise and

indiscreet acts. You have much courage, freedom of expression, and some intuition. It is not a very finished, but a rather clever study, with some indication of taste and good judgment.

Tipsy.—As your letter is dated last November, I am hoping you have returned from Ireland ere this. Of course I knew nothing of your movements until I opened your envelope a moment ago. In any case, you'd have left town before I could have given you a response. Your writing shows a refined and pleasant nature, not marked by any aggressive or dominant touches. You have great ideas if you carry them out, and plan many things which may never materialize. Ambition and decided views are indicated, with caution in giving confidence and general discretion; very warm affections, love of ease, and some sentiment, sympathy, tact, and care for details. It looks like a typical March hand, light, unexpected, and sometimes aggravatingly unreliable. There is marked obliquity of method and grace of thought shown.

H. T.—While not wishing to quench a possible spark of genius, I should say you were much better fitted for business affairs than for an artistic career. At present your writing is not fully developed. September 6 brings you under the strong influence of Virgo, an earth sign, and you have not, by appearance, conquered the materialism of the sign. It is an honest, frank, sensible specimen of writing.

Jane.—Intermittent caution, power, and the love of leadership, very practical notions, bright perception, capacity, and energy are indicated. You need training and concentration. Your ideas are sketchy and your train of thought broken. Impulse often sways; generosity and erratic judgment are suggested. You are also a September child. August 25 brings you under Virgo, and you are hampered by many material standards. You have inspiration, but it is not particularly lifting or noble. At the same time, a quality of sincerity and honesty, which often saves Virgo, will be helpful to you. Nanon.—Several of us would "like to know, don't you know?" Trusting that you did not fall overboard on the voyage, but are enjoying the forty girls and the delights of your "atlas country" where they spell Stewart with a "Stew." In the meantime, I have given your handwriting very serious consideration, but would prefer more recent study, don't you know. When I receive it will give you a thorough raking over.

Kuropat.—Don't hit a man when he's down. Your writing shows wit and humor, but is of a light, trifling character. You say you're a man; your lines are so distinctly feminine that I cannot take your word.

### Existing Laws Which We May Laugh At.

ON the statute-book of this realm there are still a large number of out-of-date laws which have never been rescinded, and which are still, therefore, perfectly sound and applicable to all cases to which they were meant to apply. To any man who sought to apply them the State would have no answer that he was wrong. But there has been no such application in some cases for scores, and in others for hundreds, of years, and they are now allowed to slumber undisturbed. If they were all applied as they could be, they would revolutionize some features of our national life.

For example, how many people have yet grasped the full significance of the fact that it is still positively illegal to eat meat on Wednesday? A law to that effect is still in force, and any man who partakes of a chop or a steak or anything else from the butcher's shop on that day of the week may be sent to prison for one month with hard labor. Not only is it thus a crime to eat meat on the middle day of the week, but it is similarly a punishable offence to be aware of others doing so and not to inform the authorities, so that they might be punished. The penalty for neglect of this kind is a fine of 13s. 4d.

If we still kept to the obnoxious form of punishment by exhibiting an offender fastened in the stocks, the whole of Cheapside, the Strand, and Piccadilly would not be sufficient to contain the stocks to hold the people who qualify for places in them every Sunday in the summer time in the twentieth century. The simple truth is that, as every man or girl who takes a skiff or a punt up the river on Sunday should know, it is positively illegal still, to row on the river on Sunday, and the punishment for doing so is prescribed on the statute-book as a fine of 5s. or two hours in the stocks.

There are many laws in respect to keeping the Sabbath which are still good and valid, but which have fallen into desuetude. For the most part they were made in the reigns of the Stuarts and have never been rescinded. It used to be illegal for a husband to kiss his wife on Sunday or to take a walk for any other purpose than to attend church, and a man is still a breaker of laws and renders himself liable to prosecution if he does not attend church regularly and take at least three communions in the year. A line of 10s. and costs may be inflicted for absence from church.

It is also illegal to use one's business cart or trap or professional carriage for the purpose of going out on pleasure rides on Sunday, and it is even wrong and punishable to use these vehicles for the purpose of conveying the members of the family to church.

There is a lot to be said for some of these good old laws, even though we hesitate to revive them. Thus, how many of us do not think it would be a good thing if eavesdroppers and tellers of tales were punished as they ought to be? Yet there is still a law which makes that possible, and it provides that "any person or persons who shall listen under the walls, windows, or eaves of a house to hear or overhear discourse and thereupon to frame slanderous and mischievous tales," is liable to be haled before the nearest magistrate.

In all innocence hundreds of the readers of this journal commit offences against the laws of the land every week of their lives. No doubt many of them like to give a touch of Nature to the dull outlook from their windows by planting flowers in specially-prepared window-boxes. This is quite illegal.

The tobacco plant is one which many of us like to cultivate in our conservatories, and nobody has ever any thought of making tobacco out of it. But the Government does not feel quite sure about this, and so it is illegal to grow that plant. It is another offence to hold in your hand a pipe or cigar when in a public vehicle, even though the said pipe or cigar may not be lighted.

Farmers should remember that it is punishable to shear sheep in winter.

Not only is it a crime to deface the coin of the realm, but it is another to tender coin which has been defaced to the slightest extent. It is equally offensive to the State to offer a reward for the recovery of stolen property except through the police.

In fact, any reader of this journal who for any reason feels irritated against the Government or its agents may go out any fine morning and give himself the satisfaction of breaking a hundred laws in succession and rendering himself liable to punishments amounting in the aggregate to some years' imprisonment, and yet at the same time know that public opinion is so strong now for the application of those laws, and that he may even discuss his transgressions with a sergeant or inspector of police in perfect safety.—Tit-Bits.

### Half-Told Tales.

THE recent appearance of an unfinished novel by Lord Beaconsfield reminds one of many another writer of fiction who was engaged in writing a story when death came to arrest the hand and to still the busy brain; but it is only in a few cases that these pathetic fragments have been allowed to see the light. And one cannot help thinking that if their authors could have any voice in the matter they would shrink from permitting them to go forth to the world incomplete.

When Miss Helen Jackson, a once popular American authoress, realized that in the race between her last novel and death the latter would win, she determined that if her story was to be completed by another it should be on her own lines. This is the brave and pathetic letter she wrote to her publisher from her bed of sickness: "I am sorry I cannot finish *Zeph*. Perhaps it is not worth publishing in its unfinished state, as the chief lesson for which I wrote it was to be forcibly told at the end. I suppose there will be some interest in it as the last thing I wrote. I will make a short outline of the plot of the story."

When death came to Charles Dickens with such tragic suddenness at Gadshill on the 8th of June, 1870, he was in the middle of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, the first chapters of which had appeared in serial form but two months earlier. How the story would have proceeded had he been spared to finish it must always remain a subject for speculation. His friend and biographer, John Forster, made a painstaking effort to supply the conclusion, but it must always be a matter for regret that the hand of the master was not allowed to finish his last work.

It is a remarkable thing that five years earlier, almost to a day—it was on June 9, 1865—Dickens narrowly escaped a violent death in an accident on the South-Eastern Railway. This tragic experience long haunted him; and some time later, on finishing *Our Mutual Friend*, he wrote: "I remember with devout thankfulness that I can never be much nearer parting company with my readers for ever than I was then, until there shall be written against my life the two words with which I have this day closed this book—The End."

Thackeray was just warming up to his novel, *Dennis Duval*, of which only three numbers had appeared, when he had to lay down his pen for ever on Christmas Eve, 1863. It almost seems that he must have known the end had come, for the last words he wrote were full of tragic significance: "Behold Finis itself came to an end and the Infinite began."

Wilkie Collins was more provident than his great friend and master. When he died, a good fourth of his story, *Blind Love*, remained unwritten; but he had fortunately left behind him an elaborate synopsis of the concluding chapters, from which Walter Besant had no difficulty in bringing the novel to a satisfactory conclusion. Robert Louis Stevenson died at Vailima, with at least two novels unfinished—*Waverley* and *Hereward*, which was published in 1895, and *St. Ives*, which was very cleverly completed by Mr. Quiller Couch and made its appearance two years later; and among other writers whose hands have been stayed in the middle of stories were Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Henry Wood, and many another.

Byron had planned a continuation of both *Dan Jun* and *Childe Harold* when rheumatic fever laid him low at Missolonghi, and the cantos were never written. Laurence Sterne was stricken down by pleurisy while the manuscript of his *Journal to Eliza* was lying unfinished on his desk. To-day it may be seen at the British Museum just as he left it, when he put his pen down for the last time. Coleridge never finished *Christabel*, though for many a year before his death he had intended to complete the poem; and among many other works which will always remain fragments of the original design are Wordsworth's *Excursion* and Macaulay's *Armada*.

### Thinkers and Singers.

Lack of mental exercise is the cause of the death of one-third of the rural laborers of England. This startling fact was deduced by the testimony of a medical expert in course of the trial of one accident case in a London court, and has been confirmed by a leading specialist in nerve diseases. If you fail to exercise your thinking machinery sufficiently you will get "softening of the brain" and be apt to "go off in an apoplectic fit or something of the kind," as do the country yokels of Britain when they "attain the age of 65 or 75." Dr. Hollander does not like the popular phrase "softening of the brain," but prefers the more scientific term "general paralysis," which is due, he says, to the starving of the brain cells and the hardening of the connecting tissues. If you wish to live beyond "the age of 65 or 75" become a thinker. The harder and deeper you think the longer you are likely to live. "Intellectual work preserves youth"—that's what the matter with the gray-headed editors, for instance, and that's why they remain perennially young in their upper stories. But thinking would seem to be only one means of insuring longevity. The

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case of Manuel Garcia, the famous singing master, is in point. Other instances of the imperishable youthfulness of those who cultivate the vocal art will readily occur to the reader. The generation has, perhaps, not yet been born that will witness the positively last farewell tours of a diva who was a celebrity "way back in the sixties of the last century; the half-bloom roses that bloomed in the chorus when men now beyond middle age were cawing boys are nearly as fresh as the buds which overshadow, but cannot outshine them.

### A Tender-foot in Nebraska.

Earl Fitzwilliam, the unsuccessful treasure hunter of Cocos Island, has frequently toured the Western States in quest of big game. The young nobleman likes the West, but he dislikes the Western hotels. To a reporter recently he said:

"The high prices and the poor fare of some of your Kansas, Dakota and Nebraska hotels are a blot on the West's escutcheon."

Then he smiled.

"Credit me or not," he said, "but I once found, on the menu of a Nebraska restaurant, the item—Beef and potato, \$1.50."

"I was hungry. Therefore I ordered beef and potato. The waiter, after a long delay, brought me a small plate with a small potato on it."

"Waiter," said I, "this won't do. I called for beef and potato. Here's the potato, but where's the beef?"

"Under the potato, sir," said the waiter.

### Guarding the President.

How closely President Roosevelt is guarded by the Secret Service men is indicated by the fact that on January 1, when four or five thousand visitors shook hands with President Roosevelt in the Blue Parlor of the White House, Government detectives, stationed along the line of visitors, gave the orders: "Hands out of your pockets!" and "Hat in your left hand!" These orders were quietly spoken, but they were said so firmly that they were never once disobeyed. The President of the United States will not soon again be put in danger of his life through a man or woman approaching him with extended hand covered by hat or handkerchief and holding underneath a deadly weapon. No person will get the opportunity of shooting at a President through the pocket of a coat or overcoat. The Secret Service will see to that.

### East-End Etiquette.

"Wherever did you get that dreadful black eye, Mrs. Hawkins?" said the East End district visitor, as she seated herself on the extreme edge of the least dirty chair in the room.

"It were the result of a trifling altercation with my husband, mum," replied the lady of the house.

"Dear, dear, dear!" cried the visitor, holding up her hands in horror, "how dreadful! What a bad, wicked man your husband must be!"

"Not at all, mum," retorted the other, with dignity. "Awkins is 'asty, but 'e's a puffed gentleman at 'art. I can assure you that after 'e'd giv' me this black eye 'e sat 'oldin' a cold fryin'-pan to it for 'upwards of a hower, a-tryin' to deduce the swellin'." A little hesitation like that goes a long way towards makin' marr'd life 'appy, mum, as I desay you've fahnd yerself."

Johnny—Paw, what's the rest of that quotation beginnin' "Truth is mighty?" Father—"Scarce," I reckon.

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### Worsteds for Spring.

While tweeds and serges will still be worn to some extent this spring, those who follow the mode very closely will find this year array themselves chiefly in fancy worsteds. Of this class of material a splendid showing is made at the establishment of Levy Bros., the well-known Toronto tailors, corner of Scott and Colborne streets. Grays and browns are about equal favorites, and as made up by these expert tailors, constitute clothing of the highest excellence for careful dressers.

### Reflections of a Bachelor.

It takes a woman to get happiness out of her unhappiness.

No matter what the color of a girl's eyes, she is a blonde if her hair says so.

When a man tells a woman he loves her she believes it, if she knows it isn't so.

A woman couldn't help feeling proud at having on her best nightgown if a burglar came.

A man feels very hard up after he has had a dream where he was making lots of money.—New York Press.



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## Wit Across the Water.

N thinking over the men of wit I have met in Europe, the brightest and most spontaneous, without doubt, was Henry J. Byron, the dramatist, the author of the comedy, *Our Boys*, which ran nearly three years at a London theater and produced a profit of \$200,000—and it was written in less than a fortnight. Byron received a certain fixed sum for each representation and his share amounted to \$50,000—a goodly return for two weeks' pleasant literary occupation. For quite twenty years Byron entertained London with his brilliant fancy and epigrammatic flow of wit. His plays, as far as plots are concerned, lack the ingenuity of construction of Victorien Sardou and the French dramatists, but no writer ever penned smarter or more humorous dialogue. Every scene sparkled with *l'esprit*, and the actors used to tell me that when his plays were being rehearsed he fired off sufficient witticisms in conversation to supply an ordinary farce-comedy with fun.

As a lad I had the privilege of meeting Douglas Jerrold, and he possessed a rasping ready wit when the spirit moved him, but at times he was moody and silent to the point of austerity. Robertson, the author of *Caste*, and other well-known pieces, was an amusing conversationalist, but acidulous and aggressive. His early life had been one of grinding toil, which left a sting of bitterness behind that manifested itself in his estimate of mankind and his interpretation of the ways of the world. Horace Mayhew, of the staff of *Punch*, was a gay, effervescent talker, full of a certain Cockney kind of fun that would raise a laugh, but he did no solid work. Sir Frank Burnand, the present editor of *Punch*, shoots folly as it flies, but he is abler with his pen than with his tongue. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., is a capital fun-maker when he rises to speak after dinner, and so is Bernard Shaw, who drinks nothing but "White Rock" water and is a chronic vegetarian—but none of these men, all of whom had or have a reputation for mental vivacity and rapid power of repartee, could for a moment compare with Byron, whose mind was a sparkling fountain of wit ever at play, and whose geniality captivated all who were brought within the attractive circle of his acquaintanceship.

Byron at dinner with a few friends whom he liked was delightful. During the period of his popularity as a dramatist, he frequently, on Saturday evenings, dined at the Savoy Club, and here he was seen and heard at his very best. To begin with, he was an exceedingly handsome man, with bright, expressive eyes, without a particle of self-consciousness or unnecessary pride. Success had not spoiled him. He dressed in perfect taste, his manners were those of a gentleman, and his jests seemed to flash forth unbidden like sparks from an electric battery. He never gave one the idea that he was trying to be funny. He was witty simply because he could not help it, and he had an instant and unquenchable knack of looking at the humorous side of most things, and, as the saying goes, "hitting the nail on the head." When poor Byron died, as the *Times* remarked, "the wits of London lost their chief," and no one has taken his place. It will be a long day before we have another Byron, as all can attest who had the advantage and pleasure of his acquaintance. I was walking with him one day in the Strand, when a damsel with a torrent of fiery red hair rushing down her back came in collision with us, which nearly toppled her over. Byron caught her at the critical instant and placed her on her feet. She recognized him and said:

"Oh, Mr. Byron, I'm so much obliged to you. I was nearly over, wasn't I?" Byron bowed and said to me, *sotto voce*, "This is a case of gin and cloves." "You don't seem to recognize me, Mr. Byron," continued the girl with a suspiciously vinous hiccup in her voice. "I'm an actress and I have played in two of your burlesques."

"Have you?" "Oh, yes; in one I was a fairy, and the other a goddess," she continued. "Well, miss, we must be going"—and he moved away—"I never know that kind of persons in the street. I can't bear fairies, and I detest goddesses; good-by."

At that moment she dropped her parasol. Byron, always courteous, picked it up and restored it. Then she dropped her fan. Byron repeated the politeness. "This girl's got a severe attack of dropsy," he said to me aside, and we pursued our stroll, or endeavored to do so, when the sunny-haired lassie turned back and, confronting poor Byron, said: "Oh, Mr. Byron, my wife excuse me, I'm sure, but I have been lurching with friends and we had such a lot of ginger-beer, it's got into my head," and off she went in a sort of reel, again dropping her fan, which she picked up herself with some difficulty this time. As she got away Byron said to me, with a smile, "I don't know about the beer getting into her head, but I'll take my oath the ginger is well in her hair."

There was an actor at the Strand Theater where one of Byron's pieces was produced named Fred Dewar, an admirable comedian, but with a cloudy countenance that suggested the idea to casual observers that he was not liberal in the application of soap and water. At the last rehearsal Dewar approached the dramatist, and after consulting with him

as to how the part he was to play should be dressed, he pointed to his face and asked, "Should I do anything to that?" Byron's eyes twinkled. He couldn't lose the chance, and he said: "Well, yes, Dewar, I think I'd wash it." What the comedian meant, of course, was, should he make it up to any particular age, or to represent any particular type.

Very curious literary and scientific people from foreign lands were now and again brought into the Savoy Club by a learned old Jew named Dr. Strauss, who had lived in the East and picked up many odds and ends of acquaintances. One day he brought in a singular specimen who had a flowing white beard, a skin suggestive of parchment, and the general get-up of a Turk or Persian. He was certainly a queer-looking old fellow, and mumbled as though he had no teeth.

Byron and I were sitting at the next table, and we made an effort to catch what the stranger was saying. "What language is he speaking, I wonder? I can't make head or tail of it," I remarked.

Byron listened for an instant and shook his head portentously. "It's too much for me, dear boy, unless it's gum arabic."

One night at the club an Anglo-German tragedian named Bandmann was conferring with an artist to whom he was explaining the kind of theatrical poster he desired, and not being content with his verbal instructions he took up a pencil and said: "Something like this. But there, you know I can't draw." Byron, who was standing by, heard the remark, and said: "That is what all the managers say, dear boy."

On occasions, Byron would rush into the club and affect to have a pathetic story to relate. He would start off like this: "Waterloo Bridge. Time, midnight. I was passing along when I saw a man, pale and distracted, climb the parapet. He was about to precipitate himself into the dark waters of the Thames when I seized his leg with an iron grip and cried, 'What would you do, rash man?' 'Drown myself,' replied the stranger. 'Can I not help you?' I asked. 'Alas! no. For my troubles there is no remedy in this world. Hear my sad story. Two years ago I wooed and won a lovely maiden, who reciprocated my passion, despite the disparity of our ages, to which my son, aged 22, by a former marriage, bore indisputable testimony. But, well-a-day! My bride's mother was still in the matrimonial market—a comely and wealthy widow of some six-and-thirty years of age. She fell in love with my son and he was her. They married. Within a year he became the father of a daughter, and another son was born to me. One day, shortly after this event, my eldest boy and I were chatting together when he chanced to raise the question of what might be the exact relationship between our newly-born children. Oh, fateful suggestion! Could any intellect grapple with the complications it gave rise to? My infant son turns out to be his maternal grandfather's brother, and consequently his own granduncle. He is, moreover, the grandson of his own mother, and his grandmother's brother-in-law. Still more terrible is the weird destiny of my unfortunate granddaughter, for she—mark me well—is at once my sister-in-law and her own sister-in-law! But worse remains behind, for—"

"Hold! No more! I cried," continued Byron. "I now clearly understand, and I released my iron grip on his leg. At that moment a fierce gust of wind whirled his hat into the dark river. He

cast an agonized glance after it, and, leaping on the parapet, hurled himself into eternity, preferring death to the further consideration of such intricately mixed degrees of puzzling consanguinity."

Byron would get all this rigmarole off without a smile, and when he had finished would draw a long breath and order a lemon squash, with a dash of brandy in it, in order to restore his nerves to their usual equanimity.

One night at a friend's house, where Byron was a frequent guest, Wyndham, the comedian, to illustrate the humorist's quick power of repartee, affected to put him through a *viva voce* examination on the subject of theatricals. It was simply a social game *pour passer le temps*.

Wyndham—What is an actor's ambition nowadays—to play Hamlet?

Byron—No; that was once the case, but now it is to go on the variety stage and do "three turns" a night at a salary of £100 a week.

Wyndham—Have you ever known managers of a suicidal tendency?

Byron—If you desire me to say that a manager has ere this been known to cut his throat with a curtain raiser, I won't do it. Ask me another.

Wyndham—Was the old-fashioned actor a man who lived by shifts?

Byron—Yes, and so is the modern actor—by scene shifts.

Wyndham—Are actors ever killed by overstudy?

Byron—I never heard of such a case, but I'm informed that popular favorites are now and then killed by understudy, when the "understudy" gets a chance to appear.

Wyndham—Define a star actor.

Byron—He is frequently an ordinary actor who happens to have his head in the clouds.

Wyndham—Inferior actors, it is asserted, can't stand plain-spoken criticism. Do you know of anything else they can stand?

Byron—Yes, drinks.

Wyndham—When may an actress be said to be on the high road to fame and fortune?

Byron—When she begins to have her diamonds or valuables stolen.

Wyndham—*Après* of actresses, it is native worth which makes society actresses popular on the stage?

Byron—No, foreign Worth—his address is Paris.

Wyndham—Thanks, Mr. Byron; your examination is satisfactory, and you prove your qualifications to write for the stage. One final question. A bad tragedian of the dismal order, who is egged on by ambition, may be—what?

Byron—Egged off by the audience.

It must be understood that Byron had not the remotest notion of the questions that the comedian would put to him, and the replies were certainly to the point. Charles Wyndham showed admirable tact, too, in the nature of his inquiries, as they served as neat pegs to hang smart replies on.

I remember telling Byron one day that M. Dupressoir, who was just then shut out of the gambling-tables at Baden-Baden, had an idea of starting a gambling steam yacht on a large scale and traversing the Mediterranean, receiving passenger-players at various ports of France, Spain, and Italy. Byron thought it was an excellent idea, and I remarked that it was certainly appropriate, as no people more than gamblers experienced the "ups and downs" of life, and surely you have that in one sense on shipboard.

"Quite so," pursued Byron, "and if you know Dupressoir, you might tell him it would be appropriate to name his craft *Pitch and Toss*, as there is often stormy weather in the Mediterranean." One winter's night an Irish dramatist, who assumed the nom d'emprunt of "Falconer," produced a long-winded Irish drama in seven acts and ten tableaux, entitled *Oma*, at Her Majesty's Theater, after that establishment had been deserted by the operatic managers. Byron and I occupied a private box near the stage. Eleven o'clock arrived, and there were still two more acts to get through. I suggested we should adjourn to a restaurant near by and have supper, which we did, and got back before the act was over.

The curtain descended, and there was considerable hissing. Something had gone wrong, evidently, in our absence. People looked at their watches, and

many went out. The pit, in fact, was half empty. As we resumed our seats, determined to see the play to the bitter end, we were startled by a loud noise coming from the stage, as of sawing or hacking, or both combined.

I said, "What the deuce is that?" and we listened.

"Oh, I know," said Byron. "It's 'Falconer,' finding the piece too long, is cutting out the last act. Come, mon ami, let's be off."

And we went. I heard the next day that it was nearly two in the morning when the play concluded.

Almost the last time I met Byron before his death, he had been to the wedding of a friend of his, a Mr. Day, who married a lady named Alice Week. We were dining at a restaurant, and he had just written a couplet to send to the happy pair, and knowing how much I appreciated his wit, he handed it to me to read. I copied it, and it struck me as being particularly happy. It went: "A Week is lost, a Day is gained, The loss we'll ne'er complain; There'll soon be little days enough To make a week again!"

Byron, toward the end of his career, after he had written half-a-hundred plays, manifested a tendency to repeat himself, and gave signs of exhaustion of the types of middle-class life with which he was most familiar. One day in a conversation with him I suggested that he should freshen up his mind by a visit to America, where he would find new matter and characters that he could turn to dramatic account. I wound up my suggestion by remarking that every dramatist should visit America. Byron listened, and, with a twinkle in his other eye, he replied: "My dear boy, you may be quite right, but bear in mind that neither Shakespeare nor Molière ever went to America, and they knew pretty well what they were about, as far as the drama is concerned." With his rapid power of observation and quickness of assimilation, Byron would have written a clever comedy of American manners and idiosyncrasies.

Byron was not a man of learning in the college sense, and he cared little for society. When I came to know him intimately I was surprised to find how limited his reading had been. His education was of the simplest. His life from early manhood was one of ceaseless activity as far as play-writing was concerned. His usual plan was to work on three plays for which he had commissions simultaneously. That is to say, on Monday, for instance, he would have a turn at his comedy; on Tuesday a drama occupied his attention, and on Wednesday he would attack a burlesque or extravaganza, so that the three pieces would be finished about the same date. The three plays would be ready for delivery in less than three months.

Most dramatic authors, like Pinero, Sydney Grundy, and Henry Arthur Jones, sketch the outlines of a play and work upon it until it is completed. Byron used to say that turning from one form of composition to another relieved the fatigue of writing. He usually worked during the day, from 10 till 4, and very rarely at night. On several occasions he played parts in his own pieces; but as an actor, he did not show to advantage. I once saw him play *Charles Surface* at an amateur performance of *The School for Scandal*, and it was the tamest assumption I ever witnessed. There was not a particle of dash or spirit about it, and one could hardly realize that Byron on and off the stage could be so curiously different.

The very last time I called on him during his fatal illness, he said: "Good-by, old boy; I may be gone before you get back from America. I won't give you my address, but if I get there, I'll give you my love to General Washington and Abe Lincoln." I never saw him again, and I sincerely hope he "got there."

HOWARD PAUL.

A Scotch divine had risen up in the pulpit to lead the congregation in prayer, when a man in the front row of the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe his brow, forgetting that a pack of cards was wrapped up in it. Noisily the whole deck was scattered over the floor of the gallery. "Oh, mon! mon!" solemnly remarked the minister, "surely your psalm-book has been but ill-bundled."

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## The Missus's Low Taste.

"WHEN Sir Henry Irving was in New York last year," said a press agent, he had the same cabman to drive him to and from the theater every night.

"Sir Henry became fond of this cabman. He would discuss American politics with him, American newspapers, and American plays and players. After the evening's performance, at the end of the drive home, the venerable actor and the stout and ruddy cabby—the one looking up from the sidewalk and the other looking down from the box—would talk amiably together for ten or fifteen minutes in the quiet street.

"One night the coachman told Sir Henry that the next day was his day off. At this the actor put his hand in his pocket for some pence. He had no pence, he found; so he gave the man an \$3 instead.

"If you are off to-morrow night," he said, 'come and see me—you and your wife. Come and see me in the *Merchant of Venice*. It is considered one of my best parts.'

"Oh, thank you, sir," said the cabman. 'That will be a great treat for me and her, won't it? Thank you, from the bottom of my heart, sir.'

"The next night, of course, Sir Henry did not see the cabman. But the night after he was at his post as usual, and Sir Henry said to him, as he prepared to enter the cab:

"Well, how did you and your wife like me as *Shylock*?"

"Why, the fact is, sir," said the cabman, 'we didn't go.'

"You didn't go? Why not?" said Sir Henry.

"On account of the missus," said the cabman, gently—"the missus, sir, preferred the continuous."

## Fitzsimmons on Moral Courage

Bob Fitzsimmons, who recently gave President Roosevelt a silver horseshoe, does not believe that moral is greater than physical courage.

"Moral courage is no finer than the other sort," he said. "Sometimes I half believe it is not as fine. It takes moral courage, they say, not to drink. Well, I don't drink, and I don't find it half as hard to let rum alone as it is to pitch in and whip a big, ugly, 200-pound man.

"So, when these pale, narrow-chested chaps tell me it takes more courage to refuse to fight than to fight, I laugh to myself, and say nothing.

"I gave one of these moral courage chaps a sly dig the other day, though. I don't know whether he noticed it or not. I hope he did. But maybe it was too subtle for him.

"He said to me: 'Would you call a man a coward because he won't fight?'

"I said to him, smiling a little: 'I might, if I was quite as sure he wouldn't.'

"The Intercolonial Railway Gets Gold Medal and Diploma.

Awarded for Its Fine Display at the World's Fair.

(Moncton Daily Transcript, March 2, 1905.)

The General Traffic Manager of the Intercolonial Railway has received official notification from the President of the Superior Jury of Awards of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, to the effect that a gold medal and diploma had been awarded the railway for the handsome display made at St. Louis last season.

This is a substantial recognition of the efforts of the I. C. R. to have at the "Greatest of World's Fairs" an exhibit that would attract widespread attention. The railway display was one of the leading features in the Forestry, Fish, and Game Building, where it was viewed with great interest by thousands of people and made a place of assembly by many sportsmen. The gold medal is awarded for the best collection of mounted animals and mounted fish, in which department the railway had certainly the best variety and finest specimens. The diploma is for the general excellence of the exhibit. Both are prizes that were most coveted by exhibitors at the Fair, and are consequently greatly appreciated.



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO ENDURE!

Cottager—Do you ever learn folks ter paint pictures like that there, sir?  
Artist—Oh, yes—sometimes. Why do you ask?  
Cottager—Well, sir, this 'ere box o' mine ain't fit for nuthin'. 'E be that there delicate 'e can't do no 'ard work, an' not bein' quite right in 'is 'ead, I thought as 'ow this 'ere 'd be a nice light occupation for 'e.—*Punch*.

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### Anecdotal

R. Hinton Perry, the sculptor, is responsible for the following story of the "scrubblady" who cares for his studio: "How many children have you, Mrs. O'Flarity?" he asked her one morning. "It's seven I have, sir," she replied; "four be the third wife of me second husband, and three be the second wife of me first."

Some years ago Phillips Brooks was recovering from an illness, and was denying himself to all visitors, when Robert Ingersoll called. The bishop received him at once. "I appreciate this very much," said Mr. Ingersoll, "but why do you see me when you deny yourself to your friends?" "It is this way," said the bishop; "I feel confident of seeing my friends in the next world, but this may be my last chance of seeing you."

J. H. Weaver, Mayor of Philadelphia, tells a story of a friend whose stoutness and constant good-humor are his chief distinctions. "We happened to be talking on the subject of gastronomy," said the mayor, "and somehow my friend's tremendous girth prompted me to ask him if he followed any set rules to guide him in his eating. 'I have just one rule,' he replied, humorously, 'and it's a winner. When I sit down to eat I sit six inches or so from the table, and when I touch I'm done.'"

A good story, which is all the better for being true, is related of Mr. Martin Chapender, who, until recently, was playing in *The Miser* at the Egyptian Hall, London. The other night he took a cab, and, being short of change, offered the driver his legal fare—one shilling. Cabby looked at the posters, and, knowing who his fare was, said, "Well, if yer play the *Miser* as well on the stage as yer do off it, s'elp me if I don't pay a bob to come and see yer myself!"

Mrs. L. Z. Leiter, when she is in Paris, spends a good deal of time in the shops of the jewelers and dealers in antiques and objects of art. On a rather dull afternoon Mrs. Leiter visited an art shop in the Rue de la Paix. She looked at bronzes, jewels, drawings, and other things, and finally, pointing toward a dusky corner, she said to the polite young salesman: "How much is that Japanese idol over there worth?" The salesman bowed and answered, "About 500,000 francs, madam. That is the proprietor."

While a District of Columbia measure was before the house, the other afternoon, Congressman Bartlett, of Georgia, being in a pesky mood, raised the point of no quorum. Speaker Cannon sent some messengers out for absentees, and then proceeded to count the House in very leisurely fashion. Try as he could he was unable to make the required number. A clerk at the desk said something to him as to the probable whereabouts of certain members, and Mr. Cannon answered in a stage whisper: "All right; you go hustle 'em in while I count slow again."

A clergyman, recently engaged with another of a different belief in a controversy regarding some question of religion, sent to a newspaper office a long article supporting his side of the question. The manuscript had been "set up" in type for the next day's issue. About midnight the telephone bell rang furiously, the minister at the other end asking for the city editor. "I am sorry to trouble you at such a late hour," he said, "but I am in great trouble." "What can I do for you?" was asked. "In the article I sent you to-day I put Daniel in the fiery furnace. Place take him out and put him in the lion's den."

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coupons for purchases of merchandise, to be redeemed by prizes, was given a more or less merited rebuke by Nat C. Goodwin. He bought a bill of goods, and the salesman offered him the coupons that the amount of the purchase called for. Mr. Goodwin shook his head. "I don't want 'em," he said. "You had better take them, sir," persisted the clerk; "we redeem them with very handsome prizes. If you can save up a thousand coupons we give a grand piano." "Say, look here," replied Mr. Goodwin, "if I ever drank enough of your whisky or smoked enough of your cigars to get a thousand of those coupons I wouldn't want a piano. I'd want a harp."

### Duke Sued by L. P. Morton for His Daughter's Dowry.

IT'S only the proper thing to do to provide for the maintenance of a titled son-in-law so long as the holder of the title remains a member of the family, as Levi P. Morton admitted when his daughter Helen, handsomest of the five handsome young women who bore his name, became a countess. But it is not proper that one should be called on to continue such maintenance after the bond of relationship has been severed—which it has in this case—or so Mr. Morton insists. Being a former member of Congress, former Minister to France, former Governor of New York, and former Vice-President of the United States, not to mention former father-in-law of Count Boson de Perigord and Talleyrand of Paris, since he came Duke de Valencay, he ought to know. He has appealed to the Supreme Court of the State to tell him if he is not right. That is why Justice Dowling has ordered that a summons be served on the Duke by publication at his last known place of residence in France.

The maintenance in question is the income derived from the Morton building in Nassau street, New York, which the former Vice-President transferred to the Morton Trust Company soon after the marriage of his daughter to the then Count Boson in 1901, to be held in trust that both she and her husband might have independent incomes for life. It was not that Count Boson was in any financial straits or that it was likely his wealthy father-in-law ever would be called upon to support him that the trust was made, for had not the Count 40,000 acres of land in Silesia and the purse of a nabob, not to mention his chances of coming into the riches of his mother, the Princess de Sagan, reputed the wealthiest woman in all France? Of course he had, and for that reason there was no talk of fortune-hunting when the gallant Count wooed and won the handsomest American.

It was only because it was proper to give the bride a dowry that the big Nassau street office building was placed in trust, that being thought a better plan than selling it and giving her the proceeds, for the income would be continuous and would provide her with pin-money year after year.

So long as the Count, afterwards the Duke, remained the son-in-law of the former Vice-President, all went well. The rents were collected promptly and remitted regularly to France, but after he and his Duchess separated in July of last year, she obtaining a decree of divorce, it did not seem right to the former Vice-President that part of the proceeds of his wealth should be going to the Faubourg St. Germain or the Chateau de Valencay or to any other place in France. Consequently he has brought suit to set aside the contract by which he transferred the building to the trust company. He contends that the dissolution of his daughter's marriage has put an end to the purpose for which the trust was created, and that since its sole object has been rendered inoperative, the trust should be declared null and void. The Duke has been made the principal defendant in the action.

It was in June of last year that the news of the approaching dissolution of the union of the Duke and the Duchess de Valencay became public. Mr. Morton was then in Paris, acting to preserve the rights of his daughter. The Princess de Sagan, who is accredited with having brought the domestic troubles of the couple to a climax, upheld her son. The sympathy of all who knew them, however, was with the brown-haired American beauty. There had been rumors for a long time that the sun did not always shine in the princely home in the Faubourg St. Germain, but when the Duchess was in New York, a year ago this month, she denied stoutly there had been an estrangement. She went nowhere, however, and only once did she appear at the opera.

The marriage in October, 1901, took place in St. Mary's Church, in London. All the Mortons were there and the cream of American society in the British capital also attended. Only one American woman in France outranked the former Helen Morton, and she was the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld.

### Some Sayings of Sydney Smith's.

Sydney Smith used to say: "Bobus [his brother] and I have inverted the laws of nature. He rose by his gravity; I sank by my levity."

When a lady asked him for an epitaph on her pet dog Spot, he proposed: "Out, damned Spot!"

In 1819, Sydney Smith violated his own canon, thus: "But, after all, I believe we shall all go—"

"ad veteris Nicolai tristitia regna, Pitt ubi combustum Dundasque videbimus omnes."

"This put me at my ease for my few remaining years. After buying into the Consols and the Reduced, I read Seneca *On the Contempt of Wealth*. What intolerable nonsense! I have been very poor the greatest part of my life, and have borne it as well, I believe, as most people, but I can safely say that I have been happier every guinea I have gained."

Medium—Do you wish to see your departed husband's spirit? Mrs. Whittree—No; I want to see his ghost! Josh never had no spirit!

### Mr. Redmond.

MR. JOHN EDWARD REDMOND embodies in his own person the antithesis of all the qualities commonly associated with the Nationalist party.

In demeanor he is as solemn and grandly dignified as a Foreign Secretary. He dresses like a member of Boodle's, and his friends say his head betokens intellect that might qualify him for the Athenaeum. A melodious voice without the slightest Hibernian accent, and his speeches are usually compounded of sound information logically arranged to form a basis for impossible demands. By common consent he is among the first flight of parliamentary orators to-day. Oratory, unfortunately, is in its decadence; but the Irish leader represents the grand manner of the last generation, and worthily.

He is believed to possess a certain facial resemblance to a great man of the past. Friends dispute whether the model is Napoleon or Cecil Rhodes; caricaturists make it a mixture of Napoleon and "Mr. Punch." He is of the middle height, with a short, thick neck encircled with the old-fashioned low collar, and the rotundity of the figure increases visibly. In a double sense he gathers weight with the passing years.

Perched on the corner of the fourth bench below the gangway, he surveys the scene with eagle eye. Not only the Treasury bench is under observation, but the front Opposition also, and his interest quite frequently lies chiefly there. He keeps his allies up to the mark. With heralding of paragraphs, and marshalling of the National party to serve as chorus, Mr. Redmond's great speeches are delivered at rare intervals to a House that enjoys his eloquence and rather likes his clear, forcible exposition. He is always the pink of courtesy, lacking neither in tact nor in good taste.

If a fault may be hinted, it is a certain air of pomposity of which he never quite frees himself. It pleases his friends and is excused by opponents; and, indeed, it completes the man.

He possesses undoubted ability and considerable parliamentary talent. If he were a member of an English party he would perhaps receive a minor Cabinet office. In the full flight of his oration his importance and his figure seem to swell out and overshadow the clamorous throng at his feet. The eagle eye beams at the ringing cheers, or becomes stern and fierce as he hurls anathema at Mr. Wyndham. The tragic manner of Roscius alternates with the soul-thrilling demeanor of the thunder-compelling Jove, and the right hand slips into the close-buttoned frock coat, bringing the shadow of Napoleon into the picture.

It is all very splendid, very imposing, and it is highly gratifying to the gentlemen from Ireland to feel that they possess the best orator on the Opposition side. If Mr. Healy is absent, Mr. Redmond is safe. If Mr. Healy is present, he feels as if a mine of satire were ready to explode at his feet. Mr. Healy does not like Mr. Redmond, and makes game of this enemy of the landlords for being a landlord himself and selling his farms at twenty-one years' purchase. That is a sore point, which Mr. Healy never tires of rubbing.

Something even more important than the gift of eloquence is required in the leader of a third party—namely, House of Commons strategy. In that respect

Mr. Redmond has repeatedly given token of considerable aptitude and skill in practice, based on experience and the example of his predecessors. It has seldom been in his power to place the present Government "in a hole," but when the opportunity did arise of causing trouble he was quick to secure his own advantage. More often the chance comes to him to upset the equanimity of his Liberal friends, and he has no scruples about letting them feel the galling pressure of the bonds. If a time should come when they depend on him for their party majority and existence they will find him a hard and exigent master.

Mr. John Redmond is the son of an Irish member; he was a barrister in England before he was called to the Bar in Ireland, and he was a clerk at the vote-office of the House of Commons, aged 25, when Mr. Parnell "discovered" him. He created a record the first day he was a member of Parliament. Hurrying from his constituency of New Ross to Westminster, he took his seat, made his maiden speech, got up "a scene," and was suspended before the clock struck twelve.

That achievement stood him in good stead, for it saved him from going to prison for a certificate of character. His brother "Willie" goes to prison occasionally, and the glory of it is shared by the family. Mr. Redmond has a superb gift of silence; "Willie" is vocal on the slightest provocation. Mr. Redmond is dignified in the highest degree; "Willie" plays the buffoon with zest and a frank impudence that make him a general favorite.

The greatest achievement of Mr. Redmond's career was the conquest of the Nationalist party. When they left committee-room 15 to fight each other, he stood by Parnell, and on the death of Parnell he assumed the mantle. He led the smallest party in Parliament, a mere handful of half a dozen—the smallest, that is, except Mr. Healy's, which consists of himself. But Mr. Redmond mastered them, and they made him their leader.

Ostensibly he leads, but behind him there are forces which he cannot control. He probably would "see reason" (as Mr. William O'Brien did over the land question) and arrange a settlement of the whole Irish problem, were it not that he is caucused, bullied, and driven to take up impossible positions by men more masterful than himself who remain in the background. A man of plain common sense leading would-be rebels is bound to find it so; and Mr. Redmond probably harmonizes and conciliates the two tendencies as well as any one could.

In his leisure he is by way of being a sportsman. He used to enjoy following the hounds; now, at the age of 49, he rides sixteen stone in the Park.

### Trouble in Hungary.

IT is possible that Francis Joseph will be the last emperor of that tumultuous empire known as Austria-Hungary. Always seething, the pot of Magyar politics has boiled over, and the past six weeks have seen spectacles in the parliament houses at Buda-Pesth rarely equalled in Continental history. These weeks have seen the Opposition unite so rapidly that the old cry of *Los von Rom!*—a protest against the dominant Catholic Church influence—has changed into that deadly call *Los von Oesterreich!*

The country known as Hungary has a population of twenty millions. Hun-

## "OLD MULL" Scotch

garians, Roumanians, Germans, Slovaks, Croats, and Servians make it up. Ten millions speak the Hungarian language. According to the statistics of M. Paul Musko, of the Central Bureau of Statistics, there are 4,322,960 persons in Hungary over twenty years of age and entitled to vote under an equitable distribution of the franchise. But as it is now, less than one million of all the kingdom of Hungary are allowed to vote, and over one half of these are Magyars—the minority but dominant race.

Given these conditions it is easy to see that the battles of the races will inevitably be fought out in the Chamber of Deputies. The Croatian and the Magyar and the Slovak and the German do not make consistent alliances nor form a stable party. The Opposition is a mere jumble of minorities—it may be, and in this case is, a genuine majority. Over all this tumult of counsel is the shadow of Austria—the intangible working majority of the Government.

Naturally, in such times as these, when parties have many aims and little means of attaining them, certain leaders have arisen to give the whole scene color and the vitality of individuality. Francis Kossuth, Count Albert Apponyi, Count Tisza (the Premier), ex-Premier Banffy, and one or two others, are the principal generals of the bands now struggling. Count Tisza, of course, has the upper hand, and yet the views of experienced observers seem pretty much united on the possibility of a revolution which will throw Austria-Hungary once more into the arena of Europe to be torn asunder and devoured.

The Opposition crying openly for release from enforced union with Austria, hopes that out of the strife it may pull Hungary aside and set her up as an independent and self-sustaining kingdom. But it is doubtful whether a country whose legislators even with the heavy hand of an emperor over them, destroy the furniture of their parliament house and hang the effigy of their Premier over the debris, could gain enough momentum to go its own unaided way. Hungary has always been a debatable ground, and the hot, impetuous inhabitants of it will never cease from troubling the rulers that chance, or might, or choice may put over them. In the language of the sanitary engineer, Hungary has no elevation for a drainage system, no political outlet. It ferments upon itself.

A Chicago minister asserts that sometimes the most common statement of fact comes to an ignorant person almost as a revelation. Once, after a Thursday morning address, a worshipper remained behind to thank him, and said: "You always give me something new to think about, and until I heard you this morning, I thought that Sodom and Gomorrah were man and wife."

Vulcan was firm. "No, Jupiter," he said, "I shall not give trading-stamps with my thunderbolts."



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Arthur B. Damocles—Ah! same old sword!—Punch.

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HE advanced class of the People's Choral Union, under the conductorship of Mr. H. M. Fletcher, gave a very enjoyable and successful concert on Thursday evening of last week in Massey Hall, before an audience that taxed the capacity of the auditorium. The chorus, composed of three hundred and twenty-five members, gave an exceedingly creditable account of themselves in the rendering of a selection of both accompanied and unaccompanied numbers. What seemed surprising in the young chorus of only two years of age were their advanced degree of precision of execution, and the clearness of their enunciation. These qualities were noted in their very first song, Mendelssohn's *The Lark's Song*, although to a greater extent in subsequent numbers, among them Vogrich's setting of *The Crusades*, and Fanning's part song with orchestral accompaniment, *The Miller's Wooing*. In the two latter selections the voices blended with fine effect, while the rendering was animated and invested with appropriate spirit. Specially refreshing, as rare in a chorus of members accepted without any voice test, were the freedom from harshness of tone among the sopranos, and among the bases and tenors, of that throaty, forced quality, peculiar to male choirs with more enthusiasm than experience and training. *The Miller's Wooing* created quite a furore, and was so loudly re-demanded that a full repeat had to be conceded in response. In nuances of shading of a more subtle nature and with less strenuous dynamics, the chorus' achievement of the evening was found in Michael Haydn's part song, *Darkness Obscured the Earth*, from *The Passions*, of which the preparation had evidently been very painstaking. Horatio W. Parker's cantata *Harold Harfanger*, a bold treatment of a Norse war song, for chorus and orchestra, scarcely created the impression that was expected. The small local orchestra was not strong enough for so virile a composition, while the chorus were lacking in dramatic declamation and in variety of power. The critical verdict of musicians who were present as to the character of the choral work in general was unanimously favorable, and Mr. Fletcher was congratulated upon the results he had obtained in so short a time. The principal solo vocalist was Mme. Maconda, formerly known as a coloratura soprano, but who has of late shown a fuller texture of voice than is, as a rule, found among singers answering the description. She contributed very brilliant and true performances of Delibes' *Bell Song*, from *Lakme*, the air from David's *Perle du Bresil* and the Polonaise from *Thomas Mignon*, all favorite display pieces, and all offering special difficulties of execution and intonation. Mme. Maconda sang them with unflinching charm of style and manner, and with purity of tone and tone. The local solo singers were Miss Grace Lillian Carter, contralto, who sang Goring Thomas' *My Heart is Weary*, from *Nadasha*, with warmth and richness of voice, and with unstrained expression, and Mr. J. Robert Page, baritone, whose programme number was De Koven's *Turnkey's Song* from *Rob Roy*, which he sang effectively, although it was written for a heavier voice than he possesses. He was the recipient of much applause, and was called upon to give an extra number. I was almost forgetting to mention that the male section of the chorus were heard alone in Neidlinger's setting of *My Pretty Maid*, and that to the encore their capital rendering brought them they gave the humorous trifle *How Sweet This Life We Live*. The orchestra, composed of efficient local players, performed the accompaniments to the Fanning and Parker compositions with much care. Mr. Fletcher conducted, particularly in the unaccompanied works, with judgment and skill, and had his singers well under control. The new chorus of the Union will give their concert on April 18, when they will be assisted by Miss Mary Howe, the eminent soprano of New York, and by Mr. H. M. Field, solo pianist.

The reorganized Klengenfeld String Quartette, consisting of H. Klengenfeld, first violin; Frank H. Williams, second violin; Frank C. Smith, viola, and H. S. Saunders, cello, gave a very interesting recital in the Conservatory of Music Hall on Tuesday evening. They were assisted by Mr. Frank Welsman, pianist, and Herr August Wilhelm, baritone. To the earnest lovers of chamber music the scheme was most interesting, including as it did the Grieg string quartette in G minor, op. 27; the string quartette by Dvorak in E major, op. 80, and the Arensky quintette for piano and strings in D major, op. 51. The Klengenfeld Quartette played with an ensemble that showed careful and frequent rehearsal, and revealed sympathy of feeling and appreciation of the music, and a good understanding between the players. The most enjoyable movements were the *Romance* of the Grieg quartette and the *Andante con moto* of the Dvorak work. The Grieg number is full of surprises and points of interest, and is distinguished by delightful melodic phrases, and plenty of life in contrast and striking harmonies. The *Romance* is the suavest and most intelligible of the movements, and most connected in its parts. The Dvorak quartette has a lovely middle movement, the *Andante*, strangely ear-haunting by reason of its naive, simple and touching melody, suggestive of a folk song of special refinement. The Arensky quintette was a welcome introduction with its classic treatment and modern spirit. The third movement, the Scherzo, is a most catchy and captivating example of light, fanciful, genial music—irresistible in swing, rhythm and spirit. Mr. Welsman played

the piano part most artistically, with accurate estimate of its relation to the whole composition, with great neatness of technique and clearness of definition in the Scherzo, and with intelligent exposition of the music in the other movements. The Scherzo pleased so greatly that, had it been permissible, the audience would have clamored for a repeat. Herr August Wilhelm sang several numbers with unaffected style, in excellent voice, and in his last two numbers, *Ries's Rhine Wine Song*, and a German waltz song of Viennese character, with a felicitous appreciation of their special genre. His intonation was very sure in both instances, while the waltz was felicitously interpreted in relation to the words. The audience were delighted with the concert, and the Klengenfeld Quartette have made a most favorable impression, which promises much for their future appearances.

The following programme was given in the Conservatory Music Hall by the pupils of the piano, organ, and violin departments, before an audience which filled every seat: Wagner-Liszt (piano), *Liebestod*, from *Tristan and Isolde*, Mr. Walter H. Hunderford; Neidlinger (vocal), (a) *Memories*, (b) *Spring is Come*, Miss Lulu Calder; De Beriot (violin), Concerto No. 1, op. 16, Miss Marguerite Cotton; Dudley Buck (vocal), *My Redeemer and My Lord*, Miss Elsie Dryden; De Beriot, ninth violin Concerto, second and third movements, Miss Clara Rutley; F. H. Cowen (vocal), *A Border Ballad*, Mr. Ralph Douglas; Panofka (vocal duet), *On the Blue Wave*, Misses Estelle Kolbe and Gertrude Lowry; Henselt (piano), *Si Oiseau J'etais*, Leschetizky (piano), *Intermezzo en octaves*, Miss Cornelia Heintzman; Alward (vocal), *Love's Coronation*, Miss Bessie C. Field; Telma (vocal), *Adoration*, Miss Jean Sampson, with violin obligato by Mr. W. G. Rutherford; Musin, (violin), *Mazurka de Concert*, Miss Minnie Connor; Bohm (vocal), *Calm as the Night*, Miss Elizabeth Findlay; Moszkowski (piano), *Caprice Espagnole*, op. 27, Miss Mabel Will.

A good programme of sacred music and readings has been prepared for the service of praise which is to be given in Cooke's Church, corner of Queen and Mutual streets, next Thursday evening, March 23, at eight o'clock, by the choir of the church, under the direction of Mr. F. R. Beatty and Miss Margaret McCann, elocutionist.

Miss Hope Morgan has consented to give a farewell song recital before returning to England for her English season. The event will take place in Association Hall, Tuesday evening, April 4th, when the eminent Canadian soprano will be assisted by Herr Hans Dressel, cellist, now holding the first chair of music in Upper Canada College, and Mr. Howard Blight, the young Canadian baritone, who has made such a success in New York, that city of musical failures. Miss Morgan has met with enthusiastic receptions wherever she has appeared in Canada. Of her many successes in England should be mentioned her connection with the Monday "Pops" in Old St. James' Hall, London. Her appearance at the "Pops" was on the occasion of the visit to London of *La Societe des Instruments Anciennes* of Paris, Mr. Plunket Greene being the assisting soloist at one concert and Miss Morgan at the other. Miss Morgan's farewell appearance here is under the direction of Dalton C. Nixon. The plan announcement will be made later.

On Thursday evening of last week, at the Toronto College of Music, an exceptionally gifted pianist, Miss Dollie Blair, pupil of Dr. F. H. Torrington, played the following programme: Sonata, *Appassionata*, Beethoven; Impromptu, *Fantaisie*, Chopin; *Rigoletto*, Verdi-Liszt; Nocturne, op. 15, No. 2, Chopin; *Wedding March and Elfin Chorus*, Henselt; Rhapsodie, No. 2, Liszt; Etude, C sharp minor, Chopin, and Polonaise, op. 53, A flat, Chopin, closing with the celebrated Moszkowski Concerto in B Major. Every piece on the programme was played from memory, and with a brilliance of executive ability and musicianly conception far beyond what one would expect from so young a student. Throughout the exacting programme, the difficulties of which every advanced pianist will recognize, Miss Blair met the requirements of every number with ease. The reader, Miss Gertrude Philp of the School of Expression, was much appreciated. Miss Philp is a young lady of attractive personality, with an excellent voice, and showed ability in her selection. The vocal numbers were *Arm, Arm, ye Brave* (Handel); *The Two Grenadiers* (Schumann); and *The Old Green Elm* (Gordon Temple), in which Mr. Arthur V. Leitheuser, pupil of Mr. J. D. Richardson, displayed his fine voice and his ability to advantage.

Cincinnati will be the first American city to hear Mahler's new (fifth) symphony; Mr. Van der Stucken will conduct it on March 24-25. It had its first performance not long ago in Cologne, and was repeated two weeks ago in Berlin. It lasts an hour and twenty minutes, or just twice as long as any orchestral work should last. The performance, under Nikisch, must have been a marvel; yet there were hisses mingled with the applause. The first movement, a funeral march, of a melodious, quasi-Italian character, seems to have met with more approval than the others, in which, apparently, there is much more technical skill and ingenuity than invention. The last of the movements contains reminiscences of the preceding ones, and culminates in what one critic calls "a truly infernal din."

A Liszt Society has been formed in Berlin, under the protection of the Princess Heinrich VII. of Reuss, with the co-operation of Nikisch, Hindemith, and many other eminent persons. Apart from its artistic aims the society will also attempt to improve the social position of musicians. It is well known that Liszt accomplished a great deal in

this direction. He did not hesitate to even rebuke a talking Czar by stopping to play and by saying, when asked why he had stopped, that "court etiquette prescribed that when the Czar was talking others must be silent." Beethoven was the first musician before Liszt who had the courage to give the aristocracy to understand that a genius is more than a baron or a prince. Poor Mozart, to be sure, once made bold to declare, when the Austrian Emperor asserted there were "too many notes" in one of his operas: "Exactly as many, your Majesty, as there should be." When Beethoven was asked to play for the French officers in Vienna by Prince Lichnowsky, he made this memorable answer: "Prince, what you are owe to accident of birth. What I am is the result of my own efforts. There have been and will be thousands of princes, but there is only one Beethoven."

An interesting recital was given at the Toronto College of Music on Saturday afternoon by pupils of the piano, organ, violin and vocal departments. Those who took part were: Piano—Dorothy Graham, Loyola Thompson, Agnes Ebach, Mazie Nixon, Ada Clarke, Katie Greenhields, Helen Fitzpatrick, Eva Wiggins, Jean Greive, Eva Wilson, Berenice Edwards, Adeline Canon, Ernest Dainty, Sadie Herron, Grace Kent; organ—J. E. Ryley; violin—Elizabeth Barton, Roy Coulter; vocal—Minnie Willinsky, Olive Scholey, Mrs. Downie. Teachers represented were: T. C. Jeffers, Mus. Bac., Charles E. Eggett, Mrs. McGann, Misses Grant, Walton, Kirby, Anderson, Veitch, and McDonald.

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**Herr August Wilhelm's Recital.**

This piano was again in quest on Thursday evening in the very successful song recital of Herr August Wilhelm, in St. George's Hall, where an overflow audience greeted this famous artist. The critics agree that his programme was most carefully chosen, and contained selections of the best masters. The audience comprised many of Toronto's leading citizens, and was in every way an emphatic society as well as musical success. A piano of Heintzman & Company was used exclusively on this occasion, and was equal to every requirement of this celebrated baritone, who was assisted in his recital by Miss May Ingleson Wooley, one of the advanced pupils of Mr. W. O. Forsyth.

**Ontario Accident Insurance Co.**

Quite a wide interest will be taken in the ninth annual report of the Ontario Accident Insurance Company presented at the annual meeting of the company, held in their new offices, 61-65 Adelaide street east, formerly a part of the old Court House. The Ontario Accident has had a record year, so much so that the directors felt justified in again increasing the shareholders' dividend from 6 to 7 per cent. It is interesting to note, too, that during the past two years the premium increase has averaged \$1,000 per week. The net premiums last year were \$223,837.57, an increase of \$45,051.54 over the previous year, which is indicative of the steady growth in public favor enjoyed by the company. During the year, too, the company's assets increased by \$16,468.30 and stood on December 31, 1904, at \$1,098,820.71.

During the past year claims amounting to \$107,751.78 were received from 1,824 persons, and were satisfactorily adjusted and promptly settled. As illustrating the growth of the company's business they issued or renewed during 1904, 8,223 policies for insurances, aggregating \$15,614,900, as against 6,580 in 1903 for \$13,039,850, which year had itself established a record. The company's transactions are divided into five groups, viz.: Personal accident liability, workmen's collective, sickness and property damage.

That there is an active and increasing demand for insurance against disability occasioned by sickness was pointed out by the Vice-President, Mr. A. L. Eastmure, and it is to be observed that the company's premiums from this source slightly exceeded \$25,000, while the benefits disbursed to policyholders amounted to \$10,842.14, 330 persons receiving compensation. The company has obtained Government authority to effect insurances upon personal property, whereby accidental damage to such property could be made good. Heretofore no provision has existed in Canada for insurance against loss arising from this cause.

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## The Bible in the Light of Modern Knowledge.

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### Lecture IV.—"The Effect Upon Religion of the Modern View of the Bible."

I come to-night to my eleventh and last lecture on "The Bible in the Light of Modern Knowledge."

The object of the lectures has been to set forth as clearly as I was able what may properly be called "The Modern View of the Bible," or that view which is coming more and more to be held by independent and open-minded Biblical scholars, as the result of historical inquiry, scientific knowledge, archaeological investigation, the study of comparative religion, and especially that patient, thorough and profound study of the Bible itself, which has been going on for two generations or more, and which has come to be very generally known as the "Higher Criticism."

This modern view of the Bible is very different from the old. I am sure you have all been impressed with this fact as you have listened to these lectures or read them from week to week in SATURDAY NIGHT. It is not strange that many persons are troubled and anxious, and think they see in the new view a serious danger to religion. This anxiety finds frequent expression in pulpits and religious literature. Sometimes it utters itself as simply apprehension and fear, and sometimes it takes the form of open hostility. In the periodicals published in Toronto, both secular and religious, and in the pulpits of the city, we have had many expressions both of this hostility and this fear. A notable instance is the case of Rev. Mr. Hincks, the pastor of one of our Methodist churches, who preached a sermon a few weeks ago on the causes of the decline of the Methodist Church, and published an article in the *Christian Guardian* of January 25, on the same subject, taking the ground that there is a distinct decline of what he calls the evangelizing spirit in those churches, which he attributes largely to the theory of evolution and to the higher criticism of the Bible. He does not attempt to show that the evolutionary theory and the higher criticism are untrue, but he does urge strongly that their effects upon religion are bad.

As for myself, it is a fundamental article of my belief that whatever is true cannot produce results which in the end are evil. I believe truth is safe. I believe falsehood and error are unsafe. If a thing is true, I believe that it is sufficient reason for accepting it. I believe it is the deepest and most dangerous kind of skepticism to doubt the safety of truth. I grant that the acceptance of new truth often causes disturbances and overturnings, which for the time being may seem evil; but the evil is only temporary, the permanent result is certain to be good. "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, nor an evil tree good fruit."

Holding this belief as I do, it seems to me, enough to ask regarding the modern view of the Bible, the one question, Is it true? If it is true, then I have not the slightest fear but that its ultimate effect upon religion will be beneficial. Is not truth of God? Is not true religion of God? If so, then they cannot clash. One cannot harm the other. They must be mutually helpful.

However, in many minds—some of them minds that do not feel quite sure regarding the truth of the new view of the Bible—there is fear as to results. It is important, therefore, that this question of results should be taken up and considered. If it can be really shown that the permanent results of the modern view of the Bible are to injure religion, that may well be set down as an evidence that the higher criticism cannot be true. I do not believe, however, that anything of the kind ever has been shown, or can be shown.

It doubtless can be shown—indeed, it is patent to all—that the modern view of the Bible disturbs certain conceptions of religion, certain beliefs which in many minds have long been associated with religion, but that is a very different thing from disturbing religion itself. Every advance of religious thought that has ever been made in the world has disturbed previous conceptions; the old, lower and less true conception had to be overturned to make room for the new and truer. Every kind of advance, whether religious or any other, has its side of destruction. If a man would build himself a better house to take the place of the one in which he now lives, the old must be torn down. If a farmer would sow wheat in his field, he must plow up the soil, and thus disturb many a growth already rooted there. If a man is on a journey, the only way he can make progress is by every morning leaving behind the place where he has lodged for the night. In nothing else except religion do these things trouble us. Why should they in religion? In a world where progress is the universal law of life, and where to stand still is to die, let us understand once for all that religion must advance, keeping pace with the advance of civilization. And if it does advance, then it must leave behind what is outgrown. This disturbance of the old conditions is at the most only a temporary evil; the larger and permanent result is good.

The ways in which the new view of the Bible helps religion are many. Let us see what some of them are.

First, it gives greater religious value to the Bible itself. It makes it a much better book of devotion and spiritual inspiration than it was under the old view. Under that view we felt we must get spiritual help from it all. In our devotions we felt we must read it all. It is a common practice, where the old view is held, to read the Bible through by course at family prayers. The minister must read nearly all parts for Scripture lessons in church.

The new view opens our eyes to the folly of this, and lets us see that there is something better. It shows us—that we should have seen before if we had not been blinded by a false theory—that there is no spiritual help, no moral strength, no uplift of soul, to be obtained by reading such parts as general-

logical tables, long chapters containing regulations regarding the dress of priests, the furniture of the Tabernacle, the making of perfumery for sacred uses, or the offering of sacrifices, much less accounts of cruel and bloody wars. The new view teaches us, when we go to the Bible for religious edification, to pass by all these parts as practically worthless for our use. They have a certain historic value, to be sure, in showing the thought, the customs, and social condition of the Israelitish people in the times to which they refer, but they possess little or no religious character or religious value. Instead of to these, we are bidden go for spiritual help to those portions of the Bible (and there is no lack of such) which are rich in moral and spiritual truth, and where the help we need can really be found. Thus we are saved much loss of time, and much emptiness of soul, caused by seeking for bread (as under the old view of the Bible men are constantly doing) where there is only a stone. You see then, what I mean when I say that the new view makes the Bible a far better book for devotional and religious uses, than it ever was or could be under the old conception.

Many seem to suppose that the higher criticism, if it does not destroy the Bible, at least robs it of much that is religious and thus impoverishes it as a religious book. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The parts of the Bible that are disturbed by the higher criticism are not such as have religious value, not such as aim at religious edification, or the quickening and strengthening of the religious life. The parts that are disturbed, for the most part, are those which have to do with matters that are historical, chronological, biographical, scientific, ecclesiastical, or speculative in their nature—matters quite apart from the spiritual life of man. The truth is, all those parts of the Bible, absolutely all, that men have ever found really helpful morally and spiritually, remain exactly what they have always been, and are not affected in any way by the new view, except that it brings them out into clearer light, and lays greater emphasis upon them. In the new view these are made the great things, and all else is made secondary. So that there is no moral or spiritual loss—there can be none; rather is there a distinct gain.

Go through the Bible, select those parts which have always given men noble ideals of life, and worthy conceptions of God, which have always had power to bring God as a helpful, purifying and elevating force into men's hearts, which have always tended to promote love and brotherhood and helpfulness and peace among men, and they are there still, undisturbed—the beautiful stories of noble human action and life found in many of the Bible books, the morally stirring appeals of the prophets, the tender hymns and devout prayers of the psalmists, the wisdom of the proverbs, the Sermon on the Mount, and the sweet parables of Jesus found in the Gospels, and the lessons of life found in the Epistles. All these parts of both the Old Testament and the New that in all ages have been read with life to hungry souls, that have fed and nourished the deep heart of man, only come out into greater clearness and shine with brighter lustre under the light poured upon them by the research and the scholarship of our time.

Still further, the new view makes the Bible a far better book, not only of religion, but of morals, than it has ever been under the old. Under the old view, that every part, from the first verse of Genesis to the last verse of Revelation, is the inspired and perfect word of God which man must heed and obey forever, there is much in the Bible that is morally confusing and even injurious. As we read the Old Testament we soon find that the patriarchs, whose names stand so high, are polygamists. David is called a man after God's own heart, and yet we see that he committed some very shocking crimes. Solomon is one of the great characters of the Bible, and yet we find him building altars to heathen deities, and having seven hundred wives. Samson is classed among the worthies of the Old Testament, and yet we see that his morals were very low. In the book of Exodus we find the command to put witches to death. In Leviticus we find slavery enjoined as a perpetual institution. In Deuteronomy we find the people of Israel forbidden to eat bad meat, but permitted to sell it to persons outside their own nation. In the book of Joshua we find God represented as commanding the massacre of women and babes. But are these things good morals? Are they the kind of morals we want to prevail in society to-day? Are they the kind we want to teach our children? Yet, according to the old conception of the Bible, these teachings are all God's perfect word, given us for our moral guidance. Could anything be more morally harmful than such a conception?

The new view of the Bible corrects this evil. It says, discriminate. It tells us that all parts of the Bible are not the infallible word of God, cannot be. It shows us that the various writings which have been gathered together from so various sources and from so many different ages to make up the Bible, came into existence in human and natural ways, that some were written by men of higher ethical ideas and some by men of lower, that some came from the morally child stage of the Hebrew people, and some from their moral maturity, and therefore that we have no right to class them all together as equally authoritative and equally the word of God. To do that is utterly to break down moral distinctions. We must go to the highest and best for our standards. Those that fall below the highest and best must pass by, as the imperfect conceptions of earlier ages or of men

whose moral vision was less clear. You see, with this view of the Bible, and using it in this way, the evil effects which otherwise would result, and which always do result where the Bible is used in the old way, are avoided. With this way of looking upon the Bible and employing it, it is a safe and a useful book of moral instruction for the young, and of moral guidance for the old. But otherwise it is not, and never can be.

I believe some day it will be seen that one reason why, with all our preaching and churches and distribution of Bibles and so-called religious and moral teaching, the wicked and brutal war spirit continues so strong in Christian nations—stronger, indeed, in the nations that profess to worship the Prince of Peace than in non-Christian nations—is to be found in the fact that we put into the hands of the people everywhere a book which we tell them is in all its parts the word of God, given for human instruction, and guidance, and yet which in some of its extended portions is full of wars and the war spirit, and which declares that God is a "man of war," and represents God as commanding wars of aggression and conquest as inhuman as it is possible for man to conceive. As long as the people are taught that these parts of the Old Testament are God's word, and that the God they are to worship is such a being as is here represented, what wonder that the war spirit burns with an unquenchable flame in Christian lands?

The new view of the Bible corrects all this. It shows us the Hebrew people themselves growing away from these low moral ideals and these unworthy conceptions of God; and attaining, in the better Psalms and some of the prophets of the Old Testament, and especially in Jesus and the Gospels of the New, moral ideals and conceptions of God infinitely removed from these. Jesus teaches men, not war and slaughter, but peace and love and service. Jesus represents God, not as a "man of war," but as a "heavenly Father," whose nature is justice and mercy and love. The new view of the Bible teaches us that we are to find our standard here, and not in the earlier and lower representation; that by this, Christian men and nations should shape their conduct, and that the other should be sternly put away, as a conception of a dark and out-grown past.

When once we get the mind of Christendom filled with the new view of the Bible—the view that all its parts must be tested by the best, and that the best and only the best is what we must set up as God's word and man's standard of conduct—then the Bible will become a power in the promotion of peace in the world, then the moral influence of the Bible will become wholly good, instead of being, as now, partly good and partly evil.

The new view of the Bible does away with the conflict which has so long existed between the Bible and science. That conflict grew out of the claim of infallibility made for the Bible. Scientists found themselves compelled to deny the claim. They saw that the Bible account of creation and much else in its pages is not scientific. The new view of the Bible recognizes that they were right, hence the conflict ceases. Under the new light it is plain that the Bible writers had no supernatural wisdom given them regarding science. They simply expressed the ideas of their age. Of course it is interesting to see what those ideas were. But the value of the Bible does not lie here. The Bible's value lies in the fact that it is a book of religion—that it is the record of the religious life and development of the Hebrew people. If asked to consider it as an authority in science, the scientist looks upon the Bible with contempt. But as a book of religion, recording the hopes and sorrows and aspirations and faiths of the Hebrew people, and their struggle upward for more than a thousand years, from their low beginnings to what they attained at last, it commands the respect and appreciation and reverence of every earnest scientist in the world.

The new view of the Bible shuts the mouths of detractors. It destroys the business of such public lecturers as Mr. Robert Ingersoll. What is it that makes

enemies to the Bible? It is setting up claims for it that men see are not true. The reason why Mr. Ingersoll went about lecturing to prove that Moses made mistakes, was, that men had foolishly and groundlessly asserted that Moses had made no mistakes, and that any one who said he had was a wicked infidel. Let the Christian Church or any other great body of men declare to the world that Shakespeare was infallible, and that any one who denied it will be sent to hell, and you will soon enough have men going about lecturing upon the mistakes of Shakespeare. Just as fast as the new view of the Bible prevails men become friends of the Bible. They cannot be its enemies when they see it as it is.

The new view makes it no longer necessary to apologize for the Bible; to labor and toil and sweat to make contradictions harmonize; to reconcile statements with science or with known historic facts; to explain away low moral teachings, or unworthy representations of God. Oh, how much time has been spent all the while, in these delusive efforts! How many thousands of sermons have been preached! What numberless commentaries have been written! The new view relieves the friends of the Bible of all this weary and endless and fruitless task. Without fear and without anxiety it leaves the Bible to appear just what it is. It says to scholarship: Tell us the truth; the truth is safe. It is not disturbed if contradictions appear between certain parts of this extended literature, as they certainly do. Why should we not expect disagreements and contradictions? Collect together sixty-six books of English literature, and would you find them agreeing in every part? The new view of the Bible is not disturbed by finding historical inaccuracies; are histories today free from inaccuracies? Then why should histories in the old time be any more free? The new view is not disturbed if it finds ideas expressed that are not scientific. Were not these Biblical writings produced before modern science was born? Do we find the writings of ancient Greece or Rome, even the best and greatest of them, free from scientific mistakes? Why, then, should we expect the Bible to be free from such mistakes, coming into existence in the same age of the world, and amidst the same conditions of civilization and the same conceptions of the world and of nature?

The new view is not disturbed if it finds here or there low morals, or imperfect representations of God. It remembers that the Bible is the product of all stages of the moral and religious development of the Hebrew people. Why should it not contain parts that reflect the lower stage as well as the higher? What the new view of the Bible does is to recognize the development, recognize the different stages, and estimate the value of the moral and religious ideas found in the Bible, according to the stage of the development which they represent. Thus nothing has to be apologized for. No twisting and turning and distortion of meanings and turning of texts are necessary to explain things away, and to reconcile the irreconcilable. The relief which the modern view of the Bible brings to religion in all these matters, is very great, and should be profoundly welcome to everybody who has the interests of religion at heart.

The new view of the Bible, once generally accepted, would open the door for the reading and study of the Bible in schools and colleges. The Bible is our greatest classic. Every intelligent man recognizes its important place in our thought, our life, our history, our art, our institutions, our whole modern civilization. That which keeps it out of so many schools and institutions of learning is the old view, that it is a book of theological texts, to be used in support of this and that sectarian doctrine. Once let the new view come to be generally prevalent, that it is a book of literature and not of dogmas, of religion and life and not of theology, and all schools and colleges would gladly open their doors to it.

Thus we seen in how many ways the modern view of the Bible is a friend to



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religion. But there are other ways still.

The new view of the Bible tends to make religion reasonable. As soon as we begin to study the Bible by reasonable methods (and the higher criticism is just that) we open the door for the entrance of reason into all our study, all our thought, and all our judgments regarding religion. And what greater good can come to religion than to be married to reason? The two ought to have been married long, long ago, with the sentence pronounced on the union: "What God hath joined, let not man put asunder."

The modern view of the Bible tends to make religion progressive. Why should religion be stationary in a world where everything else moves forward? Plainly, it should not. The higher criticism shows us that there was progress in connection with the ancient religion of Israel—there was an evolution from first to last. Very well, if there was progress in religion, in the old time, why should there not be to-day?

The modern view of the Bible tends to make religion broad and inclusive. It shows us that so much hard and fast line can be drawn round about inspiration and revelation as we have dreamed. God is the God not of Palestine only, but of all lands; not of one chosen people alone, but of the whole world. He is everywhere. He is the universal spirit of truth and love that knocks at the door of every human heart. In Palestine men listened more earnestly and persistently and devoutly to the Divine voice than in most other lands. Hence the superiority of the message they received. But there is no land where God does not speak to humble and pure and devout and uplooking souls. "God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is acceptable to Him." The new view of the Bible leads to a conception of religion no less large and adequate and worthy than this.

The new view of the Bible elevates the spirit above the letter. It tends, therefore, to promote the religion of the spirit, as distinguished from a religion of the letter. This is of the greatest importance. "The letter killeth; the spirit giveth life." The religion of the spirit is the religion of life. The religion of

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the letter writes theologies, formulates creeds, shapes liturgies, builds altars, prescribes forms and ceremonies. The religion of the spirit purifies the heart, builds character, kindles the devout imagination, lifts up lofty ideals before men, breaks down walls of separation, makes men brothers, brings God as a living power into the lives of humanity.

It follows that the new view of the Bible tends to destroy sectarianism and to bring Christians of all denominations nearer together. We have already seen some happy practical illustrations of this. The committees—both the English committee and the American—that gave us the Revised Version of our Scriptures, were made up of representatives of nearly all the more prominent Christian Churches—including the Unitarian. The group of European and American scholars who are preparing that new and superior translation known as the "Polychrome Bible" includes men of nearly every religious name and connection. The scholars on the continent of Europe, in Great Britain, in the United States, and in Canada, who are carrying on the work of the higher criticism and writing our best books of research and scholarship on the Bible, are not of one sect, but of every sect, and outside all sects. Thus does honest, sincere, candid, scholarly study of the Bible tend to bring men together and to break down sectarian lines.

The higher criticism is a search for truth. Honest search for truth draws men together. The things that divide are dogmas, creeds, external authorities, so-called infallibilities. The spirit of sincere inquiry, investigation, search for truth, tends to unite. Everything seems to indicate that the modern view of the Bible is going to be found an influence of great, wide-reaching and permanent power in softening the sectarian spirit among Christians, and bringing the various denominations, and churches to realize how much they have in common and how active ought all the while to be the spirit of brotherhood and co-operation among them.

One reason why the new view of the Bible is calculated to produce so good effects upon religion, is found in the fact, which I have referred to more than once, but which cannot be made too clear, that it gives to Jesus so central a place in the Bible and in religion. As I have said, it makes the religious evolution which we see in connection with the history of Israel, culminate in Jesus. And for this reason it makes Jesus the standard by which to measure the moral value of whatever appears in the Bible.

This new exaltation of Jesus—not of His exact words, for the higher criticism shows that we can know little about the exact words of men spoken nineteen hundred years ago—but this new exaltation of Jesus—of His general teaching, and especially of His spirit, His character, and His life, cannot fail to be of the greatest possible service to Christianity. It means, sooner or later, a new birth of Christianity, a new birth into something more living, more loving, more human, more broad-minded and open to all good, more ethical, more truly spiritual, more full of the power of God, more deeply concerned in everything that can lift up humanity, than the world has ever seen.

I have just been reading a very impressive sermon by an able and thoughtful Baptist minister, on what he calls "A Neglected Doctrine." He takes as his text the words, "God is love," and points out the fact that Jesus made love the very center of His religion. Then he asks, "Have the Christian churches done the same?" His answer is "No." "Strange as it may seem," he declares, "the doctrine of love, which Jesus placed first and foremost, has never found a place in any of the great creeds. We have put about everything else in the creeds—belief in the Trinity, in the atonement, in the devil, in the inspiration of the Bible, in sin, in heaven and hell; but we have nowhere put in the doctrine of love."

A few years ago an eminent clergyman of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, rose in the General Assembly of that body, and solemnly called attention to the fact that the Westminster Confession, upon which all their churches were founded, did not mention the love of God, even in a footnote.

This calls to mind a recent utterance of a similar character which has attracted very wide attention. I refer to the declaration made to his presbytery, three or four months ago, by Dr. Samuel T. Carter, a distinguished and honored clergyman of New York. Said Dr. Carter: "It is the God of the Westminster Confession that is wrong. One presbytery unfortunately suggested that the love of God should be put in a footnote to the Confession. It is better to have the love of God in a footnote than not to have it at all. But the truth is, there is no such God as the God of the Westminster Confession. There is no such world as the world of the Confession. There is no such eternity as the eternity of the Confession. It is all rash, exaggerated and bitterly untrue. The hard, cold, severe God of the Confession is not our God."

What astonishing utterances are these to be made by honored leaders of great Christian denominations! Why is it possible to make them? Why has Christianity wandered so far from the Gospel of its Founder, as to leave out of its great creeds the very center and heart of His religion?

The explanation is to be found largely in the fact that it has made everything in the Bible equally the "word of God," them to get it bit by bit, and in more or less distorted forms, through the secular papers, or from any other sources they can. Then they would keep the confidence of the people. And then, instead of the new truth disturbing men's faith it would lead them into a larger, more intelligent, better grounded and in every way nobler faith.

This better view of the Bible ought to be taught in all Bible classes in Toronto; it ought to be the basis of instruction in all our Sunday schools. If this cannot be brought about at once, we ought at the very least to have a large non-sectarian Bible class, meeting every week in one of our central

last to make the teaching of Jesus central in our Christianity.

There are those who fear that the new view of the Bible will check practical religious work, cut the nerve of missions, and destroy religious zeal and consecration.

I do not know where they find ground for such fear. Certainly, many of those who, from the beginning, have been most active in promoting the new view, have been men eminent for their piety, consecration, missionary spirit, interest in religious education, interest in all good works.

Probably the most widely representative and powerful organization ever formed in the world for the promotion of religious education, is the Religious Education Association, organized two or three years ago with President Harper of the University of Chicago and Professor Sanders of Yale University at its head, which held its annual convention last year in Philadelphia, and this year (only a few weeks ago) in Boston. The first scholars and many of the ablest clergymen and leaders of every Christian denomination in the United States and Canada, including the Catholic, are in it. Its aim is to make religious education more effective in all Sunday schools and churches, and to carry it, to a greater extent than has ever yet been done, into homes, and into schools of all grades and kinds. Who are the men that have organized and are carrying on this great religious educational movement? Nearly all are men who are in active sympathy with the new view of the Bible. It is this view that has largely been the inspiration of the movement.

There are no more devoted workers in every kind of philanthropy and reform, and every kind of intelligent effort to carry religion to the people, and to lift up humanity, than the men holding the new view. As illustrations I might point you to Dean Stanley, Phillips Brooks, Lyman Abbott, Dr. Washington Gladden, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and scores of others of like spirit.

England never sent out a nobler or more devoted foreign missionary than Bishop Colenso, who wrote some of the ablest books in support of the higher criticism produced during the last generation. Nor is Bishop Colenso a solitary instance. It is well known that, while foreign missionaries are too apt to be men of narrow and unprogressive theological views, a very considerable number in various fields are of a different sort. Some of the ablest, most devoted and most successful are strong believers in the new view of the Bible, and instead of finding it a hindrance to them in their work, they find it a help.

No, friends, this new, larger, more reasonable and more true view of the Bible, which modern knowledge and especially the higher criticism is giving to the world, and which I have been trying to set forth in these lectures, is not the enemy of religion, nor of anything else that is true or good. It is the friend of morality. It is the friend of true piety. It is the friend of every cause or movement that aims to enlarge and ennoble the lives of men. Many are afraid of it, as many were afraid of Christianity when it came, and of the Protestant Reformation when that came. But as a fact Jesus was leading the world on to a religion larger, freer and better than the old. Everybody sees this now. Luther was leading the world on to a religion better than that of his day. Now we see this, too. Sometime the world will see that, in the same way, Bible scholarship in our time was leading the world on to larger and better things for religion than we had known before.

Men lift up their hands and cry out, "Danger!" If there is danger, is it not because so many churches and pulpits set themselves against the clear light that shines for our times? When God summons men forward, the danger is not in advancing, but in refusing to advance. This modern view of the Bible is not a freak, nor a fancy, nor a dream of wild or ignorant or irresponsible men. It is firmly based on fact. It has come as the result, the compelled result, of the careful and prolonged studies and investigations of the ablest, most candid, most trustworthy scholars of Christendom, for a hundred years; and not the scholars of one denomination, but of every denomination. To resist it is to resist the progress of humanity: it is to resist the mighty onward march of God's truth.

In an age of intelligence like ours, why do so many preachers and religious teachers allow themselves to remain ignorant concerning the great light that is shining from the Bible? And of those that see the light and in their hearts accept it, why do so few let the world know? The other day I received a letter from a minister—I will not mention his denomination—telling me that he had been reading my lectures on the Bible as they were published, and not only so, but that he had a company of other ministers reading them with him, and they were delighted, and agreed that I was saying to the world just the things which ought to be said. And then he closed his letter by saying, all this is *sub rosa*, and enjoining me not to let people know. Well, I shall heed the injunction, and not tell anybody any names. But what a situation have we here, when men whose public position is that of leaders and teachers of the people treat in this way the truth that God sends them! Is it any wonder if people distrust their religious teachers? Preachers everywhere ought to be giving to the people this new knowledge of the Bible, frankly, candidly, reverently, honestly, fearlessly, instead of allowing them to get it bit by bit, and in more or less distorted forms, through the secular papers, or from any other sources they can. Then they would keep the confidence of the people. And then, instead of the new truth disturbing men's faith it would lead them into a larger, more intelligent, better grounded and in every way nobler faith.

This better view of the Bible ought to be taught in all Bible classes in Toronto; it ought to be the basis of instruction in all our Sunday schools. If this cannot be brought about at once, we ought at the very least to have a large non-sectarian Bible class, meeting every week in one of our central

Cairo, Egypt, February, 1905.

Dear Sir,—Being the oldest Turkish tobacco merchants and Egyptian cigarette manufacturers in Cairo, we take the liberty of drawing your attention to the high excellence of quality of our Cigarettes, and beg to point out that, being on the spot, we make it a point to be first on the tobacco plantations of Turkey at harvest-time, so as to secure the pick of the yearly crop.

The fine and delicate aroma of our Cigarettes is due entirely to the blending of the very best brands of Turkish tobacco used, and not, as in other cigarettes, to the admixture of that most objectionable brand of tobacco called "Aya Souluh," which, being grown on land that previously had produced Hashish (opium plant), is injurious both to health and throat.

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Those who love a high-class cigarette at a reasonable price will find such provided for them under our brands. They are cool and sweet to the palate, their aroma is as soothing to the tired brain-worker as their essential properties are stimulating to the sportsman.

We have pleasure in saying that Messrs. The W. B. Reid Co., Limited, have a full supply in stock, and that they can be obtained from the United Cigar Stores Company, and we recommend them with the utmost confidence to the smokers of the medical profession.

Trusting that you will give them a trial, and then, once tried, like "Oliver Twist," you will be asking for more.

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three times a day, and you know what beautiful complexions the Canadians have."

"It's just so with the English Girls, the Russians, Norwegians, and even the women of India—those of the better class—they all have nice color and they all drink quantities of tea."

"None of your old-fashioned notions for me. I'm for tea all the time."

Of course, she means good tea, such as the "SALADA" brand, which is universally used in Canada and enjoys a large consumption in the United States.

—Editor.

"That John Doe must be a terrible bad fellow," mused Maw Hoptoad; "he's allus in trouble. I see he's been indicted again out in Oregon. I wonder where he lives when he's to home?" "I expect he lives in Effigy," chuckled Paw Hoptoad, "the place where so many people are hung."

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## The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

### Births

BUTLER—Toronto, March 10, Mrs. A. Butler, a daughter.  
CRAW—Toronto, March 4, Mrs. (Rev.) George I. Crow, a son.  
LUNDY—Toronto, March 12, Mrs. Wallace Lundy, a son.  
WALSHAW—Bolton, March 11, Mrs. E. A. Walshaw, a daughter.

### Marriages

GRAY—PUTTER—Toronto, March 14, Edith A. Potter to Herman H. Gray.  
DEMPSEY—SWALWELL—Toronto, March 7, Mae H. Swalwell to Thomas M. Dempsey.

### Deaths

GAGEN—Toronto, March 12, Mrs. G. J. Gagen, aged 84 years.  
ROBERTSON—Carstairs, N.W.T., March 4, John C. Robertson, aged 41 years.  
RENNIE—Toronto, March 12, James Rennie, aged 53 years.  
ROBB—Toronto, March 12, Mrs. Robert K. Robb, aged 53 years.  
JAMES—Bowmanville, March 9, Reuben W. James, aged 78 years.  
ROBINSON—Burlington, March 11, James Robinson, aged 86 years.  
CONANT—Oshawa, March 14, Thomas Conant, aged 63 years.

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## Social and Personal.

Young Agnew, the ex-cadet of R.M.C., Kingston, whose marriage, contrary to the rules of the College, caused him to be dismissed has gone to England to join his father. His home is in Montreal.

Mrs. Frederick J. Male, 346 Spadina avenue, and her guest and sister, Mrs. J. W. Garrett of Ottawa, received on Monday afternoon.

The Misses Hoskin of Heath street, Deer Park, are sailing for England on Saturday next.

Mrs. Cecil Gibson has been spending a week or two in Atlantic City, where several other Torontonians, including Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, are enjoying the sea breezes.

Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones and Mr. Harry Jones went to Guelph and Preston Springs last Saturday. Mrs. Jones remained over the week with her son, who has not been at all well lately.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham Drinkwater will not, I hear, occupy their new home in Elmsley place until June.

This afternoon Mrs. James T. Cooper (née Weir), will hold her post-nuptial reception at her mother's residence, 657 Euclid avenue. Mrs. Cooper will be at home during the spring on the second Friday of each month.

Rev. and Mrs. Perdue came to town from Dunnville on the reception of the sad news of the death of Mrs. Perdue's father, Major Arthur Armstrong of Lloydstown, and have been with Mrs. Perdue's sister, Mrs. Martin, in Crawford street. Mrs. Arthur Armstrong, who was quite prostrated by the shock of her husband's death (which ensued after his being injured by a street car), has been with her daughter, Mrs. Murchison, 251 Bathurst street. Major Armstrong's funeral took place in Lloydstown on Friday last, and was notably of interest owing to his long residence in that part of the country, and to the esteem in which he was universally held.

Mrs. Kearns of 52 Cecil street has changed her reception day from Wednesday to Thursday.

Yesterday evening Rev. Armstrong Black, D.D., lectured at St. Margaret's College on "The Ballad Element of English Literature."

The Strolling Players' *habitués* had a treat last Saturday in hearing Master Jack Challis sing several beautiful selections. There was no set programme.

Miss Rutherford of Northfield is giving a bridge this afternoon, for a friend who is visiting her from Montreal.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated by several small affairs. A couple of larger events on yesterday were Mrs. Alexander's luncheon at Bon Accord, and Mrs. Helliwell's tea at Iver Holm.

Mrs. J. B. MacLean, Queen's Park, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Slade, in Boston, en route to England for a short holiday.

Mrs. Arthur Gowan Strathy left for England on Monday evening.

Mrs. Mark Howard Irish (née Smart) will receive in her new home, 46 Chestnut Park road, on next Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. N. Carmichael, Mrs. Kent and child, Miss R. M. Copp, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Clubb, Mr. Percy J. Robinson, Captain and Mrs. Gordon Miller, Miss Wynch, Mr. and Mrs. G. Lugsdin, Mrs. J. H. Jewell of Toronto; Miss Wilcox, Mr. and Mrs. J. Pierson of Painesville, Ohio; Mrs. McKinnon of London, Mr. and Mrs. I. Cragin, Mrs. J. H. Kamman, Miss H. M. Shadle, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Grove of Buffalo, Mrs. H. G. Baker of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hinman of Brooklyn, and Mrs. C. J. McCuaig of Montreal, are guests recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Mrs. C. Frederick Barton of Montague place entertained a few of her young married friends at a literary luncheon on Friday. Covers were laid for ten. The table was abundantly decked with pink carnations and trailing smilax, over a centrepiece of rose silk and lace. The place-cards were daintily-painted sunbonnet babies, the work of the hostess. The guests included Mrs. James Sinclair, Mrs. M. P. Talling, Mrs. William Wallace, Mrs. Arthur J. Hunter, Mrs. H. B. Stirling, Mrs. S. I. Floyd, Mrs. A. W. Barton, Mrs. A. N. Middleton, and Mrs. I. H. McGee, who carried off the honors of the occasion.

The prevalent idea of an electric chandelier is something made up of brass or bronze, and fitted with glass shades. The endeavor to produce something new, however, has led the best designers of the present day to make use of wood in some of their beautiful creations—mica is also used in place of glass, with very good effect.

Visitors are always cordially welcomed by the management.

The Local Electric Light Company in their show-rooms show a dining-room dome fixture provided with oak shelf, which may be used as a place for steins or other ornaments.

## Montreal.

is reached quickly and comfortably on the fast express trains, via the "Double Track Route." "The International Limited," leaving at 9.00 a.m. daily, has cafe parlor car, serving meals à la carte, at any hour, to Montreal, and through pullman sleeper to Boston. "Eastern Flyer," at 10.30 p.m. daily, has through pullman sleeper for Ottawa, and pullman sleeper to Montreal, arriving 7.30 a.m.—connecting daily except Sunday with cafe parlor car to Portland. C. E. Horning, Grand Trunk city agent, north-west corner King and Yonge streets, will sell tickets, make reservations, and give full information.

## Society at the Capital.

THE usual "one and only" outdoor evening *fête* which takes place at Government House during the winter was not cut out of the list, as many feared was to be the case this year, and on Tuesday His Excellency, who, owing to Lady Grey's continued indisposition, was again obliged to do the honors alone, entertained all those to whom invitations had been sent for the usual Saturday afternoon skating parties, the special cards which have been the rule under former régimes not having been issued this season. In consequence of this, the attendance was not as large as could be desired for an outdoor party. In fact, a great deal of comment is heard on all sides at the small number of invitations that have been received from Government House this year as compared with former seasons, and the fact that a large number who have always been on the Government House list have this year received no cards, leads one to suppose that "someone has blundered" in attending to these social duties. However, those who were fortunate enough to be invited to the winter *fête* on Tuesday night enjoyed it to the utmost. A most brilliant and picturesque scene was presented to the eye on entering the avenue to Rideau Hall, two immense bonfires, which were kept generously supplied with logs all evening, spreading a lurid hue over everything, and the myriads of Chinese lanterns strung in festoons around the rink and among the trees, completing a most weird and fascinating picture. The toboggan slide was largely patronized all evening, and His Excellency had his first experience of this exciting sport on this occasion, being safely piloted down the steep incline by Miss Kathleen Kirchhoff, who is an adept in the art of steering. A great many participated in the skating, and the Grand March was a most picturesque sight to watch, the soft light of the many gaily-colored lanterns, as the twenty-one couples, led by Colonel Cotton and Lady Evelyn Grey, glided in and out and all about in the intricate figures of this complicated performance, each skater carrying in his or her hand a torch, the whole presenting a picture one does not often have the opportunity of witnessing. In the log cabin by the little lake hot coffee and mulled claret were to be had, and refreshments were also served in the curling rink, which was for the time being converted into a flower-bedecked supper-room. The cosy tea-room, with its numerous divans and armchairs, provided a comfortable "sitting-out" place for those who preferred to watch the gay throng from a protected quarter, while those who wished to have a nearer point of view lingered by the bonfires, where a comfortable chat could be enjoyed. A large number of out-of-town visitors had the opportunity of enjoying this, to them, novel entertainment.

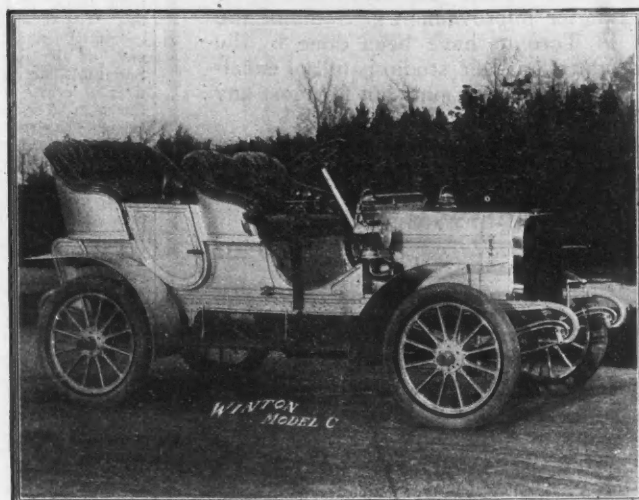
The arrival of Lent, although it modifies in some slight degree the number and description of entertainments at the Capital, does not make any appreciable difference in the ordinary round of social functions, owing to the fact that the session is in full swing, and therefore numbers of visitors are still in town. So, teas, card parties and gatherings of a "small and early" description are still having their due share of attention. On Monday Mrs. E. B. Osler's guest, Miss Julia Cayley of Toronto, was the *casse d'été* of a bright little tea at Crichton Lodge, when the guest of honor wore a pretty gown of pink and white *mousseline de soie*, and Miss Mary Osler looked exceedingly well in a gown of accordion-pleated blue voile. Daffodils adorned the tea-table, and among those present were the Misses Ryerson and Miss Mary Campbell of Toronto, Miss Kathleen Kirchhoff, Miss Annie McDougall, Miss Ethel Jones, Miss Roma King, Miss Lola Powell, Miss Lundy of Peterboro', Miss Laura Toller, Miss G. Beddome of London, Mrs. Glyn Osler, Miss Kitty White, Miss Gladys White of Portsmouth, England, and many other of our bright Ottawa girls. Another of the pleasantest of the week's little teas was Mrs. Darnley Bentley's on Friday, which was given for her guest, Miss McMahood of St. Catharines, and to which about twenty girls were invited. The tea-table, bedecked with quantities of red and white carnations, was presided over by Miss Wise and Miss Ethel Bate, while Mrs. James Cunningham provided the guests with delicious ices.

The Misses Ryerson, who have been much-feted guests from the Queen City, were entertained at the tea-hour one day early in the week by Mrs. Gormully of Daly avenue, when all the bright young members of society of both sexes were present, as well as several visitors from other cities, and among the latter Mrs. M. Southam of Hamilton, Miss Amy McLymont of Montreal, Miss Daisy Patterson and Miss Mary Campbell of Toronto.

Owing, no doubt, to the near close of the cold season, when all winter sports must be abandoned, renewed interest appears to be awakened in skating, curling, etc. The Minto Skating Club competition, which is open to members of all clubs of good standing in Canada, will be held at the Rideau Rink this evening. The entries so far have been: Miss Ewan of Montreal, Mrs. James Smellie, Miss Grace Ritchie, Miss Muriel Burrows, Miss Kitty Haycock, Miss Lola Powell, Miss Elsie Ritchie, Miss Lucy Kingsford, Mr. A. F. A. Creighton, Mr. O. Haycock, Mr. Fred Anderson, Mr. James Smellie of Ottawa, Professor Campbell of Kingston, and Mr. Howard of Toronto. The prizes which will be donated are as follows: first prize for skating hand in hand, consisting of two cups presented by the Earl and Countess of Minto; first prize for either lady's or gentleman's individual skating, and a special prize for the best lady skater competing in the latter, which is presented by Mr. L. Creighton. Second prizes will also be awarded for these entries. His Excellency, who is patron of the club, is taking a great interest in the competition, and will be present this evening to watch the exhibition, which, judging by those who will take

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is sure to be well worth watching. An interesting hockey match between a team of the lady hockeyists of the Capital, against several of the expert men hockey players, came off on Wednesday night at Rideau Rink, the men being bound in honor to play with one hand only. The score was 4 to 3 in favor of the girls, and those taking part were: Miss Flossie Fielding, Miss Kitty White, Miss Lottie Fraser, Miss Katharine Moore, Miss B. Ryley, and the Misses Isobel and Dorothy White, the gentlemen being Mr. Howard Hutchison, Mr. Fritz Ridley, Mr. Jack MacLaren, Mr. E. Van Lesslie, Mr. Alex. Cameron, Mr. "Dot" Greene. Mr. Paddy Baskeville was the referee, and Mr. Frank McGee and Miss Beatrice Lindsay acted as umpires. After the game the vanquished entertained the victors to a jolly little supper in the tea-room up-stairs.

The ladies of the Rideau Curling Club have been engaged in a competition, which began on Wednesday, the 8th, and will be completed on Tuesday, the 14th, when the cup will be awarded to the player scoring the first eleven points. Those who have engaged in the contest are the following couples: Miss Wise and Mrs. Le Sueur, Mrs. S. H. Flem-

ing and Miss Laura Smith, Mrs. Hugh Fleming and Miss L. Sparks, Mrs. Victor Rivers and Mrs. A. E. Fripp, Miss Annie McDougall and Mrs. Drysdale of Holbrook, Miss Lily McGee and Mrs. Harold Pinkie, Mrs. Hal McGiverin and Miss McCullough, Miss Fay Christie and Miss Louie Douglas, Miss Ida Hughes and Miss Laura Toller.

Several visitors from the Old Country are at present in the Capital, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Buxton, who are guests of His Excellency and Lady Grey at Rideau Hall. Unfortunately Mrs. Buxton met with a rather serious mishap when getting out of the sleigh at the door of Government House on Thursday, and in some unaccountable way, slipped and fell on the ice, which resulted in the fracture of a rib. In consequence of this a great part of his visit will be spent in confinement to the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Gemmill of Cliffside have also two English visitors with them, Mrs. and Miss Phillips, in whose honor a dinner party was given by their hostess on Thursday, the other guests being Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, Mr. and Mrs. George Perley, Senator and Mrs. Kirchhoff, Mrs.

Rowland Lewis, Mrs. Ames and Major Panet.

An Ottawa Evening paper of Tuesday says: "Miss Mary O'Hara of Toronto has received from the German Emperor a kind letter of thanks for a patriotic German song which she wrote recently in Germany. His Majesty communicated with the well-known musician, Herr Theodore Wiedmayer, of Leipzig, to learn something of Miss O'Hara's history. The letter came through Mr. Frankern, Consul-General for Germany."

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, March 13, 1905.

## The First to be Taken.

Cyrus W. Field, of Atlantic cable fame, once stopped a peasant to make inquiries about Blarney Castle. Receiving the information, he gave the Irishman the following conundrum: "Now, Mike, suppose that Lucifer was sure of us both. Which would he take first, do you think?"

The Irish man looked thoughtful for a moment, then said: "Yer honor, I think he'd take me."

"Why?" asked Field.

"Because he's always sure of you."